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PORTIONS

OF THE

PSALMS OF DAVID,

AND OTHER

PARTS OF SCRIPTURE,

IN VERSE.

Designed as

A Companion for the Christian.

BY J. RUSLING,

Author of "Devotional Exercises," and "Sunday-School Hymns."

SECOND EDITION.

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P R E F A C E.

THE author of the present work very freely acknowledges his incapacity to improve upon the sweet singers of Israel: but being requested by several of his friends, he has attempted to place a portion of the Psalms and other parts of Scripture in plain and unpretending verse. He is aware that many imperfections will appear to the critical eye, but his design has been to do good among well-disposed people, and he most earnestly wishes his work may prove a useful and pleasant companion to the Christian. It is with great reluctance he appears before the public, and his present situation alone induces the measure. Therefore he solicits the good will and patronage of his friends, and the community in general.

J. RUSLING.

PHILADELPHIA,

March 4, 1838.



REC. MAR 1882

THEOLOGICAL
SEMINARY
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PROPERTY OF
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PSALMS OF DAVID.
THEOLOGICAL
SEMINARY.
FIRST PSALM.

HAPPY the man who shuns with care
The counsel evil men prepare ;
Nor stands where sinners love to meet,
Nor sits within the scorner's seat ;
The law of God is his delight,
And meditation day and night.

He like a fruitful tree shall grow,
Where streams of living waters flow ;
His boughs luxuriantly shall bear
Their fruit in season, year by year ;
No withering change his leaf displays,
And God doth prosper all his ways.

The wicked are, compared to these,
Like chaff that 's driven by the breeze ;
They shall not stand in judgment, where
The assemblies of the righteous are.
The good man's way the Lord doth know,
The way of sinners leads to woe.

SECOND PSALM.

WHY do the heathen rage,
And meditate vain things ?
And wicked men engage
With rulers and their kings ;
And counsel take in thought and word,
Against the anointed and his Lord ?

And these are heard to say,
“ Come, let us break their bands,
And cast their cords away,
Nor wear them on our hands.”
The Lord, who sitteth in the skies,
Will all their vile attempts despise

Then God to them will speak,
And all his wrath disclose ;
And in displeasure break,
And sorely vex his foes :
But Zion's holy hill may sing,
For there the Lord will seat his king.

The great and Holy One
Hath made a firm decree ;
And said, “ Thou art my son,
Begotten now by me :
Ask, and the heathen I will give,
And all earth's bounds thou shalt receive.”

But when the eternal God
Shall his great power display,
Then with an iron rod
He sweeps his foes away:
Like as a potter's vessel, thou
Shalt dash to pieces every foe.

Judges and kings, be wise,
And serve the Lord with fear;
And ere his anger rise,
Your praise with trembling bear:
Kiss ye the well beloved Son,
Be blest, and trust in him alone.

THIRD PSALM.

LORD, how are they increased abroad,
(My troubles like the billows roll,)
Who say there is no help in God,
And thus perplex my troubled soul.

BUT thou art, Lord, my strength and shield,
My glory and supporter still;
I cried, thy love thou didst reveal,
And heard me from thy holy hill.

I laid me down, and slept, and rose,
Sustain'd and kept by thy control;
Nor will I fear ten thousand foes,
That set themselves against my soul.

Arise, O Lord, my succour be,
Smite all who do my soul oppress ;
Salvation, Lord, belongs to thee,
And thou wilt all thy people bless.

FOURTH PSALM.

HEAR me, O God of righteousness,
Thou hast enlarged me in distress ;
Have mercy, and regard my prayer,
And all my supplications hear.

How long will wicked men disclaim,
And turn my glory into shame ?
How long will they love vanity,
And, seeking lies, deluded be ?

God for himself hath set apart
The man of godly life and heart ;
And he whose love is free for all,
Will kindly hear me when I call.

Stand ye in awe ! be pure from sin,
Commune with your own heart within ;
Be still, and perfect peace possess,
The calm serene of holiness.

Your offerings bring, your Maker bless,
With sacrifice of righteousness;
And put your trust in God alone,
Whose word is changeless as his throne.

How many have reviling stood,
Saying, "Who now can show us good?"
Oh rise, thou brightest Orb of day,
Thy noontide countenance display.

With gladness, Lord, inspire my heart,
Far more than corn and wine impart;
My eyes in peaceful slumbers close,
And give me safe and calm repose.



FIFTH PSALM.

O LORD, unto my words give ear,
And with my meditations bear;
My King, my God, that rules on high,
O hearken to my feeble cry.

Soon as the morning shall appear,
My voice shall rise to thee in prayer;
In sin no pleasure thou can'st see,
Neither shall evil dwell with thee.

The foolish stand not in thy sight,
Nor are the wicked thy delight;
Those thou wilt slay who seek for lies,
The false and bloody man despise.

But I will in thy courts attend,
And in thy holy temple bend ;
Thy mercies shall conduct me there,
To worship in thy sacred fear.

Lead me, O Lord, in righteousness,
And all my enemies suppress ;
Make straight my way before my face
Illume it from the throne of grace.

No faithfulness can there be found
Where men of wickedness abound ;
Their inward parts corrupt become,
Their throat is like an open tomb.

Those who on God refuse to call,
Let them by their own counsels fall ;
Cast them 'midst their iniquity,
For they are rebels, Lord, to thee.

Let all who trust in God rejoice,
And praise thee with a cheerful voice ;
For thou shalt be their strong defence,
Their succour and their recompense.

Let them who also love thy name,
Be joyful with an heavenly flame ;
In favours may they all abound,
'Compass'd as with a shield around.

SIXTH PSALM.

REBUKE me not in anger, Lord,
Nor in displeasure use thy rod ;
For I am weak in thought and word,
In mercy heal me, O my God !

My soul is sorely vex'd within,
Return, O Lord, my bondage break ;
Deliver thou my soul from sin,
O save me for thy mercies' sake.

Is there remembrance, Lord, of thee
In death, or thanks beneath the ground ?
There dust, and only dust, are we,
'Midst deep unbroken silence round.

Weary with groanings now I lie,
I wet my bed and couch with tears ;
While age and grief consume mine eye,
Mine enemies prolong my fears.

Bid evil workers all depart,
My weeping voice in mercy hear ;
Regard my supplicating heart,
And O, wilt thou receive my prayer ?

Clothe all mine enemies with shame,
The pains of sore repentance give ;
Let them return, and in thy name,
Immediate humbleness receive.

SEVENTH PSALM.

O LORD, I put my trust in thee,
From persecutors set me free ;
Lest as a lion they shall tear,
When no deliverer shall appear.

Lord, if indeed I have done this,
And secret crime with me there is ;
If I rewarded him unkind,
Who show'd to me a peaceful mind :—

Then let their wrath like billows roll,
And let them persecute my soul,
And tread me down as one unjust,
And lay mine honour in the dust.

Arise, O Lord, indignant rise,
Subdue my raging enemies ;
Awake thy judgment, Lord, for me,
As thou commanded, let it be.

So shall the people compass thee,
And congregate thy grace to see ;
Then for their sakes return on high,
Ascend thy throne above the sky.

Judge thou all people, Lord, and bless
According to thy righteousness ;
Prostrate all crimes beneath the dust,
But 'stablish firmly all the just.

The righteous God, who truth maintains,
Will try and prove our hearts and reins ;
The Lord himself is my defence,
My great reward and recompense.

The upright both in heart and life,
The Lord will save from sin and strife ;
Will judge the righteous, and display
To sin, his anger every day.

If sinners turn not at his word,
He'll bend his bow, and whet his sword ;
His instruments of death prepare,
And no one persecutor spare.

He that increaseth in his sin,
And mischief hath conceived within,
And brought forth falsehood and its train,
Shall sink, no more to rise again.

A gloomy pit he did prepare,
And fell himself a victim there ;
His mischief and misgotten spoil,
Shall all upon himself recoil.

I'll praise the Lord, his name I'll bless,
According to his righteousness :
His holy name, the Lord Most High,
Shall fill with praise the earth and sky.

EIGHTH PSALM.

O LORD, how excellent thy name,
To all the earth its grace is given ;
Thy glory, as a radiant flame,
Extends its beams o'er earth and heaven.

Thou hast ordain'd that strength and praise
Shall tender babes and sucklings bring ;
And 'midst avenging foes shall raise
Eternal honours to their King.

Lord, when I view the heavens above,
Those mighty orbs and works of thine ;
The moon and stars which circling move,
'Midst systems that revolving shine ;

Ah ! what is man, that thou, O God,
Should'st mindful of his pleasures be ?
The son of man, whose mean abode
Is visited and loved by thee.

Than angels made a little less,
Thy noble creature man is found ;
And robed in heavenly righteousness,
With high and glorious honours crown'd.

He doth supreme dominion sway,
O'er all in ocean, air, and land ;
And underneath his feet do lay
All things awaiting his command.

How excellent in all earth's bounds
And glorious is thy holy name !
Thy praise, in everlasting rounds,
Shall all in earth and heaven proclaim.



NINTH PSALM.

I 'LL praise the Lord with heart and voice,
And all thy marvellous works proclaim,
O, thou Most High ! I will rejoice,
I will be glad, and praise thy name.

When all mine enemies take flight,
They perish, Lord, before thy face ;
Thou hast maintain'd my cause and right,
Seated upon thy throne of grace.

Thou hast rebuked the heathen world,
For ever blotted out their name ;
Destruction o'er their cities hurl'd,
On their memorial, and their fame.

The Lord unchangeable remains ;
For judgment has prepared his throne ;
The world he judges, and sustains
The upright people as his own.

The Lord he will a refuge be,
For all the oppress'd, in times of woe ;
And those alone that trust in thee,
Who shall thy name regard and know.

Eternal praises to the Lord
Let all who dwell in Zion bring ;
Declare his doings all abroad,
His works among the people sing.

When God shall make his judgments known,
He will respect the humblest cry ;
And let thy mercy, Lord, be shown
To those who in death's passage lie.

That I may show forth all thy praise,
In Zion's gates, with cheerful voice,
Assist me, Lord, my songs to raise,
In thy salvation to rejoice.

The heathens, deep in pits sunk down,
Are bound in nets themselves have made ;
By holy judgments God is known,
In their own snares are sinners laid.

The wicked down to hell are cast,
With nations that forget the Lord ;
The poor, forgotten, are not past,
Whose expectation is thy word.

Lest men prevail, O Lord, arise,
And judge the heathen in thy sight;
Put them in fear who thee despise,
May nations know themselves aright.

ELEVENTH PSALM.

LORD, I will put my trust in thee,
Though as a bird they bid me flee,
Into the mountain's height :
For lo! the wicked bend their bow,
Their arrows ready make to throw,
To shoot at the upright,

If the foundations are destroy'd,
Where heaven's vast wonders are employ'd,
What can the righteous do ?
The Lord doth yet his temple fill,
His throne is in the heavens still,
And all his ways are true.

The righteous he in goodness tries,
But wickedness he doth despise ;
On sin his wrath shall pour :
Brimstone shall be, with snares and fire,
In horrid tempests full of ire,
Its portion evermore.

The Lord he doth the righteous love,
And from the eternal courts above
 His grace is freely given:
With countenance of beaming light,
He views with pleasure the upright,
 And guides them into heaven.

TWELFTH PSALM.

HELP, Lord, for lo! the godly cease,
 The faithful fail all tribes among;
They that speak vanity increase
 The double heart and flattering tongue.
The Lord shall cut those lips away,
 The proudly-speaking tongues shall fail—
From those who do so vainly say,
 “With our own tongues we will prevail.”
Now, saith the Lord, I will arise,
 To aid the needy and oppress'd;
From those who wantonly despise,
 In safety he will give them rest.
Thy words, O Lord, are very pure,
 As metal in the furnace tried;
The strongest ordeal they endure,
 As silver seven times purified

Those thou shalt keep, who firm abide,
Beneath thy kind preserving care ;
Though sinners walk on every side,
And the most vile exalted are.

THIRTEENTH PSALM.

How long wilt thou forget me, Lord,
How long thy presence hide from me ;
How long shall I consult thy word,
And yet my foes exalted be ?

Consider me, O Lord, and hear,
Lighten mine eyes, that I may see ;
Ere the dread sleep of death appear,
My last and fatal enemy.

Let not mine enemies prevail,
Nor those that trouble me, rejoice ;
If I am moved, they will assail
My soul with wanton, railing voice.

Thy mercy, Lord, my trust has been,
My heart shall yet rejoice in thee ;
Thy great salvation I have seen,
For thou hast kindly dealt with me.

FOURTEENTH PSALM.

THE foolish in their hearts have said,
"There is no all-creating God ;"
And these have by corruption made
The earth itself a vile abode.

The Lord look'd down from heaven above,
To see if any sought his face ;
If they did understand and love
His works, his goodness, and his grace.

But lo ! aside they all have gone,
And altogether full of sin ;
There 's none that doeth good, *not one*,
But all is filthiness within.

Have those who, in such base employ,
True knowledge of the Deity ?
Who do thy righteous ones destroy,
And never call, O Lord, on thee ?

Their souls abound with mighty fear,
When God the righteous doth regard ;
No counsel with the poor they share,
Because the Lord is their reward.

From Zion may salvation come,
Restore thy saints' captivity ;
Let Jacob happier songs resume,
And Israel shout triumphantly.

FIFTEENTH PSALM.

Who, Lord, shall in thy courts abide,
There to behold thy face ?
Or in thy holy hill reside,
That pure and happy place.

He that uprightly walks and lives,
And worketh righteousness,
And in a faithful heart conceives
The truth his lips express.

Who doth not backbite with his tongue,
Nor evil seeks to find ;
Nor taketh up reproach, to wrong
Or pain his neighbour's mind.

All wickedness he doth disdain,
In action, thought, and word ;
But those his honours best obtain
Who fear and love the Lord.

Whate'er he promises, his word
Unchangeable shall be ;
Whatever means it may afford
To his own injury.

His wealth he never does regard
With usur'ous intent ;
Nor will he take the least reward
Against the innocent.

Who that in these things does abound,
He never shall be moved ;
But in the heavens he shall be crown'd,
By God himself approved.



SIXTEENTH PSALM.

O GOD, my soul shall trust in thee,
Do thou my great preserver be—
Thou art my Lord and might :
My goodness, though of small extent,
Is yet toward the excellent,
Thy saints are my delight.

Their sorrows shall be multiplied,
Who do in other gods confide,
I will not speak their name :
The Lord is my inheritance,
My portion and my maintenance,
My cup and only claim.

My lines have fallen well to me,
A goodly heritage I see ;
A land with plenty spread :
For all thy counsel thee I bless,
My reins instruct in righteousness,
While slumbering on my bed.

Before my face the Lord shall stand,
Because he is at my right hand ;

I never shall be moved :
My heart is glad, my glorying blest,
In hope my flesh shall also rest,
By God himself beloved.

Thy Holy One shall never die,
Nor shall he in corruption lie,
Death shall its Lord restore :
Thou wilt the path to glory show,
Thy presence and its bliss bestow,
With pleasures evermore.

SEVENTEENTH PSALM.

HEAR thou the right, O gracious Lord,
Unto my feeble prayer give ear ;
Nor let one feign'd, unguarded word,
Upon my tongue or lips appear ;
Let every sentence come from thee,
That all things equal thou may'st see.
Thou, Lord, didst prove and try my heart,
And paid me visits of the night ;
And found within my mouth no part
But purposes of acting right :
Concerning all the works abroad,
I have been kept by thee, O Lord.

Do thou preserve my goings still,
Nor let my footsteps slide away ;
To me incline thine ear, and will,
And power, and truth, whene'er I pray :
Thy marvellous loving-kindness show,
And save me, Lord, and save me now.

Kept as the apple of thine eye,
Hide me beneath thy shadowing wing ;
Bid all my deadly foes to fly,
Their wicked schemes to nothing bring ;
And when my steps they compass round,
In thee let my defence be found.

In their own fat they are enclosed,
Their mouths do speak both proud and vile,
And wickedly they are disposed
To compass all our steps with guile ;
Like as the greedy lions slay,
They make our souls a wanton prey.

Arise, to disappoint him, Lord,
My soul's deliverer now appear,
From wicked men, who are thy sword,
Who only have their portion here ;
Men of the world, who hold full shares,
And leave the rest unto their heirs.

But as for me, thy name I bless,
And shall behold thy glorious face ;
I shall be clothed in righteousness,
And satisfied with all thy grace ;
When I awake with power divine,
I shall in thy blest likeness shine.

NINETEENTH PSALM.

THE heavens, O Lord, thy glories teach,
And all the firmament thy might ;
And day to day proclaims a speech,
And knowledge is obtain'd from night.

There is no speech, nor language, where
Their voice is not distinctly heard ;
In all the earth their lines appear,
O'er all the world extends their word.

He form'd a tabernacle high,
In which he gave the sun his place,
Who's like a bridegroom in the sky,
Or a strong man to run his race.

Through heaven his going forth is known,
His circuit is the vaulted sky ;
His heat upon the earth is thrown,
Its hills and vales to beautify.

Thy holy law is perfect, Lord,
The inmost soul it doth reclaim ;
And by thy pure unerring word,
The simple also know thy name.

The statutes of the Lord are right,
Transporting our glad hearts on high ;
His pure commands, with heavenly light,
Do brighten and illumine the eye.

Thy fear, O Lord, is ever clean,
To endless years it shall endure ;
Thy righteous judgments true are seen,
And altogether are mature.

More than fine gold these things I crave,
They share my best and high regard ;
Than honeycombs I'd rather have
Their warnings and their great reward.

His errors, who can estimate ?
Cleanse thou my secret faults away ;
Keep me from a presumptuous state,
And sin's entire dominion slay.

Then shall I be preserved upright,
And innocent and guiltless be ;
From all transgressions in thy sight
I shall be kept entirely free.

O, let the words I now indite,
And meditations I record,
Be each accepted in thy sight,
O, my Redeemer, strength, and Lord.

TWENTIETH PSALM.

THE Lord will hear thee in that day,
Thy troubles far remove away ;
His name thy strong defence shall be,
And from Mount Zion strengthen thee.

Thine offerings he will all regard,
Thy sacrifices each reward ;
Grant thee according to thy will,
Thy counsels graciously fulfil.

Thou shalt his great salvation praise,
And in his name his banners raise ;
The Lord shall all thy prayers fulfil,
And save our well anointed still.

He will, from heaven his dwelling-place,
Bestow his saving strength and grace ;
Some in their chariots may confide,
We in the name of God abide.

They are brought down a fallen band,
But risen we do upright stand ;
Save us when at thy throne we fall,
And let the King regard our call.



TWENTY-FIRST PSALM.

THE King to thee shall lift his voice,
In thy salvation shall rejoice ;
His heart's desire he hath obtain'd,
And all that he requested, gain'd.

Blessings of goodness did abound,
With purest gold his head was crown'd ;
He ask'd that thou would'st life restore,
And thou conferr'd it evermore.

For him is thy salvation made,
Thy majesty on him is laid ;
Forever blest his soul shall be,
And made exceeding glad in thee.

The king shall on the Lord rely,
And stand unmov'd through the Most High ;
Thy hand all hostile foes shall find,
Whate'er their strength and how combin'd.

Like as an oven's burning fire,
 Thou shalt consume them in thine ire ;
 Nor leave a seed of all their race,
 In all the earth a dwelling place.

As they did ill to thee intend,
 And could not well secure their end,
 Thou turn'd them back to their disgrace,
 And spread thine arrows on their face.

Be thou exalted, O our Lord,
 In thine own strength fulfil thy word ;
 So will we sing and praise thy power,
 Thy goodness and thy name adore.

TWENTY-THIRD PSALM.

THE Lord my shepherd feeds me ;

What more can I desire ?

Beside the streams he leads me ;

Where all his flocks retire.

His goodness will restore me

To paths of righteousness ;

And he will go before me,

And all my blessings bless.

That vale, of all most dreary,

Death's shade, I shall not fear ;

Nor shall my heart grow weary,

With thou, my shepherd, near.

Thou hast prepared my table,
My bitterest foes among;
And thou alone art able
Those blessings to prolong.
My head thou hast anointed,
My cup it runneth o'er;
For me thou hast appointed
A vast exhaustless store.
Goodness and mercy never
Shall leave me all my days;
And in God's house, forever,
I will adore his grace.

TWENTY-FOURTH PSALM.

THE earth it is the Lord's,
The fulness it doth bear;
And all the world affords,
With those residing there;
He spake, and on the seas it stood,
Establish'd firmly on the flood.
Who shall thy hill ascend,
And stand before thy throne?
And in thy temple bend,
And praise the Holy One?
Whose hands and heart are clean and pure,
Whose soul is kept from vice secure.

He shall the blessing gain
From heaven, that high abode ;
Salvation shall obtain,
And righteousness from God ;
This generation God will place
With those who love his church and grace.

Lift up your heads, ye gates,
Ye mighty doors, give way ;
The King of glory waits,
His grandeur to display :
Who is this King of glory nigh,
The strong in battle, the Most High ?

Lift up your heads, ye gates,
Your portals open wide ;
The King of glory waits,
He comes with you t' abide ;
He is our sovereign King alone,
Whose glory fills th' eternal throne.

TWENTY-FIFTH PSALM.

To thee, O Lord, I lift my soul,
And also trust in thee ;
O, let not shame my heart control,
Nor triumph over me.

Let none that wait on thee, O Lord,
Shame or dejection know ;
But such as violate thy word,
Let shame their hearts o'erflow.

Teach me thy paths and holy way,
Thy great salvation prove ;
I wait upon thee all the day,
To obtain thy mighty love.

Thy tender mercies, Lord, unfold,
Thy loving-kindness shew ;
For they have ever been of old,
Which all the fathers knew.

Remember not my youthful sin,
Nor ways I then did take ;
In mercy make me clean within,
For thine own goodness' sake.

The Lord is good, and upright too,
To souls that are astray ;
His judgment to the meek will show,
And guide them his own way.

The blissful paths of truth reveal
To such as keep thy word ;
Nor pardon from my soul conceal,
For thy name's sake, O Lord.

He who doth strive the Lord to fear,
His way shall be made plain ;
Ease in his dwelling shall appear,
Earth shall his seed sustain.

The secret of the Lord is known
To such as fear his name ;
To those his covenant is shown,
Who do his truth sustain.

My eyes are ever up to thee,
Preserve my wayward feet ;
Have mercy, Lord, and turn to me,
My great afflictions meet.

My heart-felt troubles do enlarge,
Bring me from my distress ;
Look on my pain, my sins discharge,
For thine own righteousness.

Consider, Lord, my numerous foes,
Their cruel hatred see ;
O, keep my soul, my heart compose,
For I will trust in thee.

May sound uprightness keep me, Lord,
For I do wait on thee ;
Redemption to thy saints afford,
From trouble set them free.

TWENTY-SIXTH PSALM.

JUDGE me in thought and word,
In my integrity ;
My trust is in the Lord,
Nor would I slide from thee ;
A strict inquiry, Lord, impart,
And try and prove my reins and heart

The kindness of thy love
Appears before mine eyes ;
In paths of truth I move,
And wickedness despise ;
I sit not with the vain and low,
Nor do I with dissemblers go.

Now will I wash my hands,
In pure innocency ;
While at thine altar stands
My sacrifice to thee.
That I may raise my thankful voice,
And in thy wondrous works rejoice.

I love the house of God,
Thy habitation fair ;
The place of thine abode,
The honours dwelling there.
But gather not my soul with those
Whose hands their bloody deeds disclose.

Mischief is in their hand,
And right hand bribery ;
But I will firmly stand,
In mine integrity :
My foot on even ground shall be,
And with thy saints I'll worship thee.

TWENTY-SEVENTH PSALM.

THE Lord he is my light,
Whom therefore shall I fear ?
My strength and my delight,
And my salvation near :
And though mine enemies drew nigh,
They stumbled, and did prostrate lie.
Though hosts encamp around,
My heart is not afraid ;
Though dreadful wars abound,
On God my soul is stay'd :
And this my confidence shall be,
That God takes special care of me.
One thing have I desired,
Grant it, O Lord, to me ;
That I may dwell retired,
Amidst thy courts, with thee :
The beauty of the Lord t' admire,
And in his temple to inquire.

In thy pavilion, Lord,
My soul in trouble hide ;
Some secret place afford,
Where I can safe abide :
Let me within thy house retreat,
And set upon the rock my feet.

The Lord my head shall raise
Above my foes around ;
And sacrifice and praise
Shall in thy courts abound :
Yea, I will sing in sweet accord,
And offer praises to thee, Lord.

And when to thee I cry,
In tender mercy hear ;
And graciously reply,
And answer all my prayer :
Assist my heart to seek thy face,
With constant persevering grace.

Hide not thy face from me,
Nor cast my soul away ;
But thou my helper be,
Nor leave me, Lord, to stray ;
And should my parents' love decline,
Thou wilt receive me, Lord, as thine.

Teach me thy way, O Lord,
And make my pathway plain;
From all my foes abroad,
Deliver me again :
False witnesses around I see,
And such as breathe out cruelty.

My soul had prostrate been,
Unless I had believed,—
And all thy goodness seen,
And with thy people lived :
Wait on the Lord, courageous be,
And God himself will strengthen thee.



TWENTY-EIGHTH PSALM.

O, LORD, I lift my cry to thee,
My rock whom I adore ;
Lest whilst thou, Lord, should'st silent be,
I sink to rise no more.

To thee alone I would draw nigh,
To thee I lift my hand ;
To thee, mine oracle, I fly,
Waiting thy high command.

With sinners draw me not away,
Who work iniquity ;
Who peace unto their neighbours say,
Yet to all mischief free.

Give them their due in all demands,
Through means which they exert ;
Give them the work of their own hands,
A true and full desert.

Because they did not thee regard,
Or own'd thy work, O Lord ;
Destruction shall be their reward,
And no relief afford.

All homage to the Lord I yield,
Because he heard my voice ;
Thou art my strength, and thou my shield,
In thee I will rejoice.

My heart shall trust in thee alone,
With sacred songs of praise ;
My saving strength, my Holy One,
Will his anointed raise.

Thy people save with strong defence,
And feed them from thy store ;
And bless thine own inheritance,
And keep them evermore.

TWENTY-NINTH PSALM.

GIVE to the Lord, his praise proclaim,
Give glory, strength, and righteousness ;
Give him the glory due his name,
The beauty of his holiness.

His voice upon the waters lie,
The Lord he thund'reth far above ;
On all the seas beneath the sky,
His all-pervading power doth move.

His voice is full of mighty power,
The Lord himself is majesty ;
Before him forests are no more,
E'en Lebanon itself must flee.

His voice the mountains do inspire,
And like the youthful calves rebound ;
The Lord divides the flames of fire,
And shakes the wilderness around.

He form'd the beasts of every kind,
And stretch'd the densely shaded woods ;
His glory in his courts we find,
While he is seated on the flood.

He is our King forevermore,
His strength shall never, never cease ;
And those who do his name adore,
His people, he will bless with peace.

THIRTIETH PSALM.

I WILL extol thee, O my Lord,
I am exalted by thy word ;
Thou didst not let my foes rejoice,
Or triumph o'er me with their voice.

O Lord, my God, I cried to thee,
Thou hast in mercy healed me ;
My soul didst from the grave revive,
For thou hast kept me still alive.

Sing to the Lord, give thanks and bless,
In memory of his holiness ;
His anger soon was turn'd away,
And only made a moment's stay.

Surrounded by a world of strife,
His favour is eternal life ;
Weeping may for a night endure,
The rising morn our joys insure.

I said in my prosperity,
I never shall removed be ;
Thy favour, Lord, thou didst prolong,
Thy power hath made my mountain strong.

The Lord his face from me did hide,
Then troubles rose, a fearful tide ;
I cried to thee, O Lord, my God,
And supplicated thy abode.

What profit is there in my death,
When I go down the grave beneath?
Shall mouldering dust thy praise prepare,
Shall earth thy sacred truth declare?

Hear, and have mercy, Lord, on me,
And thou alone my helper be;
My mourning habits change, and bless
And gird me with thy righteousness.

And then in cheerful praise to thee,
My glory shall not silent be;
My Lord, my God, whom I adore,
All praise be thine forevermore.



THIRTY-FIRST PSALM.

O LORD, I put my trust in thee,
O let me not ashamed be;
Deliver me in righteousness,
And bow thine ear my soul to bless.

Be thou my rock, (thy strength I crave,)
The house of my defence to save;
Thou my protecting fortress make,
And guide me for thine own name's sake.

O, pull me from the net now laid,
And which in private has been made ;
Thou art my strength, my foes control,
To thee do I commit my soul.

Thou hast, O Lord, redeemed me
From every lying vanity ;
I will be glad, and lift my voice,
And in thy mercy, Lord, rejoice.

In trouble thou considered me,
And knew me in adversity ;
Thou shalt not shut me up with those
Who are my strong inveterate foes.

In a large room thou set my feet,
From whence, O may I ne'er retreat ;
Have mercy, O my Lord, on me,
From grief and trouble set me free.

Mine eye and life consume with grief,
From sighing I have no relief ;
My strength does fail because of sin,
My bones are all consumed within.

I am unto my friends a fear,
My neighbours flee when I appear ;
I am as dead beneath the ground,
Or like a broken vessel found.

Slander I hear extending wide,
And fear approaches every side ;
My foes, like a distemper rife,
Take counsel to destroy my life.

But I will trust in thee, O Lord,
Thou art my God, thy grace afford ;
My times are in thy hand, and thou
Wilt all my enemies o'erthrow.

O, make on me thy face to shine,
Save me, for mercy, Lord, is thine ;
And let me not ashamed be,
For I have called, Lord, on thee.

But let the wicked shame obtain,
And silent in the grave remain ;
Let lying lips confounded be,
Who speak of saints contemptuously.

How great indeed thy goodness, Lord !
Laid up for them that fear thy word ;
And wrought for those that trust thy grace,
Before the sons of Adam's race.

These thou shalt in thy presence hide,
In secret from the sons of pride ;
A place for them near thee belongs,
Securely from the strife of tongues.

All blessing, Lord, I give to thee,
For all thy marvellous works to me ;
I said, " I am cut off in haste,
I am before thine eyes laid waste."

Yet thou hast heard my voice in prayer,
Didst with my supplications bear :
Let saints present their warmest love,
To him who rules the worlds above.

The Lord shall faithful souls regard,
And give the proud their full reward ;
Good courage take, your strength maintain,
And you shall never hope in vain.



THIRTY-SECOND PSALM.

How greatly bless'd is he
Whose sins are all forgiven ;
The man who feels iniquity,
Imputed not by heaven.

Happy indeed that mind,
In which there is no guile ;
The guiltless soul, by grace refined,
With heaven's approving smile.

When silence I have kept,
My bones have waxed old ;
All the day long I cried and wept,
While sin's huge surges roll'd.

No cheering streamlets run,
My sufferings to allay ;
Before the summer's parching sun,
My moisture dried away.

Lord, I confess to thee,
My sins I did not hide ;
And thou in love forgavest me,
Thine anger turn'd aside.

For this the godly pray,
In time thou may'st be found ;
Though mighty floods of waters play,
Nigh him no waves rebound.

'Thou art my hiding place,
From troubles keep me free ;
With songs of kind delivering grace
Thou wilt encompass me.

To me in goodness show
The path that leads on high ;
Teach me the way that I should go,
And guide me with thine eye.

Not as the mule or horse,
No understanding gain ;
O guide me by a gentler force,
An easy, pleasing rein.

Sorrows to those abound
Who disregard thy word ;
But mercies compass him around,
Whose trust is in the Lord.

In God, ye saints, rejoice,
Be this your loved employ ;
Let all the upright lift their voice,
And let them shout for joy.



THIRTY-THIRD PSALM.

YE righteous, in the Lord rejoice,
For you how comely is his praise !
Sing both with instrument and voice,
A new and holy anthem raise.

His sacred word is pure and right,
And all his works in truth are done ;
And righteousness is his delight,
While judgment dwells around his throne.

The earth is in its ample round
Full of the goodness of the Lord ;
The heavens, and all within them found,
Were all created by his word.

The waters of the boundless sea
By him were gather'd as a heap ;
And as in store-house yet we see,
The mighty billows of the deep.

Let all the earth Jehovah fear,
The world in awe before him stand ;
He spake, and all things did appear,
And all stood fast at his command.

The heathen that reject his word,
Their counsel bringeth he to nought ;
The people who despise the Lord,
In vain are their devices wrought.

The counsels of the Lord shall stand,
Firm and unchangeably secure ;
His thought, his purpose, and command,
To generations shall endure.

Blest are the nations whose defence,
And God, is the eternal Lord ;
His chosen, loved inheritance,
The souls confiding in his word.

THIRTY-FOURTH PSALM.

LORD, I will bless thy name,
At all times sing thy praise ;
Thou art my boast and claim,
To thee my songs I 'll raise.
The humble shall thy goodness see,
And magnify the Lord with me.

I sought the Lord, and he
Did save me from my fear :
And others look'd to thee,
And also lighten'd were.
The poor man cried, and God did bow,
And saved him from impending woe.

Angels encamp around
Those who do fear the Lord ;
Their guardians they are found,
And strong defence afford.
The Lord is good, O taste and see,
And he is blest who trusts in thee.

Ye saints, your Lord adore,
Your wants he will supply ;
Though the young lions roar,
With lack and hunger cry.
To those who love and seek the Lord,
He will abundant grace afford.

Come hearken unto me,
And I will teach his ways ;
What man long life would see,
And many happy days.
His tongue must keep from all things vile,
And hold his lips from speaking guile.

All sin he must eschew,
To every good attend ;
Seek peace, and it pursue,
And keep it to the end.
On saints the Lord doth keep his eye,
His ears are open to their cry.

The Lord doth set his face
Against where sin abounds ;
Its memory to erase,
Through all earth's ample rounds.
Unto the Lord the righteous cry,
Who full deliverance will supply.

The Lord is nigh to see
The humble broken heart ;
And saveth such as be
Contrite in every part.
Though numerous ills the saints befall,
The Lord delivereth them from all.

He keepeth every bone
In an unbroken state ;
And evil works alone
Make sinners desolate.
But God his people will sustain,
Nor shall they trust in him in vain.

THIRTY-FIFTH PSALM.

PLEAD thou my cause, O Lord,
With them that strive with me ;
My strong defence afford,
My shield and buckler be :
To quell my foes draw out thy spear,
And let me find salvation near.

Confounded let them be,
And ever put to shame ;
Let them confusion see,
That seek to hurt my name :
Let them like chaff on whirlwinds rise,
Chased by the angel of the skies.

Leave them to their own way,
Both dark and slippery ;
Who without cause did lay
A hidden net for me :
Let them be taken unawares,
And catch themselves in their own snares.

My soul shall joyful be,
In thy salvation, Lord;
And who is like to thee,
So powerful in word?
From all that spoil, and do oppress,
In thee the poor shall find redress.

False witnesses arise,
With things I did not know;
False charges did devise,
For good did evil show:
But as for me, when sick they laid,
My clothing was of sack-cloth made.

For them I humbly mourn'd,
With fasting and with prayer;
But these on me return'd,
From whence they did repair:
Like as a friend I bow'd forlorn,
As one who for his parents mourn.

In my adversity,
The abjects gather'd round;
And full of cruelty,
They ceased not to wound;
With sullen dark hypocrisy,
At feasts they gnash'd their teeth on me.

How long wilt thou look on,
When wilt thou rescue me ?
With thine own hand alone,
From lions set me free ?
To thee my song of thanks I 'll raise,
And 'midst the assembly sing thy praise.

Let their rejoicing cease,
Who look with jealous eyes,
Who speak not words of peace,
But evil things devise :
With open'd mouth they do declare,
As we have seen, so all things are.

All things to thee appear,
Yet keep not silence thou ;
In my behalf draw near,
Give me deliverance now ;
Stir up thyself, to judgment wake,
My cause, O Lord, now undertake.

Judge me in righteousness,
Nor let my foes rejoice ;
Nor in their hearts express,
" 'T is as it were our choice ;"
Ah ! suffer not my foes to say,
We would have swallow'd him straightway.

Let them to shame be brought,
Who do rejoice o'er me ;
Their honours bring to nought,
Confounded let them be :
But let them shout with strong applause,
Who favour thy most righteous cause.

Let them unite as one,
And say continually,
The Lord be praised alone,
For my prosperity :
All the day long my soul shall bless,
And speak thy praise and righteousness.



THIRTY-SEVENTH PSALM.

FRET not thyself, nor envious be
At those who work iniquity ;
For soon they are cut down, and pass
Like the green herb, or withering grass.

Do good, and trust in the Most High,
He will thy place and food supply ;
Delight thyself in him, and he
Thy heart's desire will give to thee.

Commit thy ways into his care,
Trust him, and all his goodness share ;
Thy righteousness he will display,
Thy judgment, as meridian day.

Rest in the Lord, wait patiently,
Nor fret at sin's prosperity ;
Nor yet for man, who is like grass,
Who bringeth wickedness to pass.

Thine anger cease, thy wrath forsake,
Of evil in no wise partake ;
The wicked fall 'midst all their mirth,
The righteous shall inherit earth.

Ere long the wicked shall not be,
His dwelling place no eye shall see ;
The meek shall o'er the earth increase,
Delighted with abundant peace.

The wicked 'gainst the just conspire,
Upon them gnash their teeth with ire ;
The Lord derides their vain display,
For he beholds their coming day.

The wicked have drawn out the sword,
And bent their bow with one accord ;
The humble poor to cast away,
And all the upright souls to slay.

I have been young, and now am old,
Yet this firm truth I do unfold ;
I have not seen, in years now fled,
The righteous or his seed want bread.

His mercy is in word and deed,
And blessings rest upon his seed ;
Depart from evil, and do well,
And with the Lord forever dwell.

The Lord regards his judgments still,
His truth to saints he will fulfil :
The Lord preserves them from on high,
The wicked and their seed shall die.

The righteous shall possess the land,
And dwell therein at God's command ;
His mouth with wisdom shall o'erflow,
His tongue shall perfect judgment show.

God's law within his breast doth hide,
And none of all his steps shall slide ;
The wicked watch both night and day,
And seek the righteous souls to slay.

He will not leave him in his hand,
Nor suffer him condemn'd to stand ;
Wait on the Lord, his ways approve,
Then shalt thou rise to worlds above.

Their swords upon themselves rebound,
Their bows are broken on the ground ;
The little that the righteous hold,
Is better than the miser's gold.

The arms of wicked men shall break,
The righteous, God will not forsake ;
Their days are known, and without end
Shall their inheritance extend.

When evils everywhere abound,
No shame on righteous souls is found ;
In famine they are satisfied,
And all their wants are well supplied.

The wicked fall, and prostrate lay,
Like smoke do they consume away ;
They borrow ne'er to pay again,
The righteous merciful remain.

They, from the period of their birth,
Are blest, and do inherit earth ;
But wicked men are cursed below,
And sink to everlasting woe.

A good man's steps are order'd right,
And in his ways God takes delight ;
Though he may fall, and prostrate lie,
He is upheld by the Most High.

The wicked in great power may be,
And spreading as the green bay-tree ;
Yet he did pass beneath the ground,
I sought, but he could not be found.

The pure and upright here may cease,
Yet is their end eternal peace ;
Transgressors may a long time scoff,
But in the end they are cut off.

The great salvation of the Lord
The righteous have as their reward ;
He is their strength when troubles rise,
And gives them succour from the skies.

The Lord shall full deliverance give,
And from the wicked will relieve ;
And those that trust his name and power,
He saves them now and evermore.



THIRTY-EIGHTH PSALM.

IN wrath, O Lord, rebuke me not,
Thine anger let it not wax hot,
When thou dost chasten me :
Thine arrows stick me o'er and o'er,
Thy hand upon me presseth sore,
And no relief I see.

No soundness in my flesh I feel,
When thou thine anger dost reveal,
 My bones no rest obtain :
O'er me my iniquities roll,
A weight too heavy for my soul,
 O God, my soul sustain.

My wounds are putrefied, and stink,
Because of foolishness I sink,
 And troubles do abound :
My soul goes mourning day by day,
My loins with loathsomeness decay,
 My flesh is all unsound.

Feeble I am, and broken sore,
With great disquietness I roar,
 God is my whole desire :
My groaning is not hid from thee,
My heart and strength have failed me,
 Thy mercies I require.

Far from mine eyes my light is gone,
Lovers and friends leave me alone,
 My kinsmen stand far off :
They that my life design to take,
Do snares in secret places make,
 And over me do scoff.

And they that seek to injure me,
Do utter things mischievously,
 And all deceit indulge ;
But like one deaf, I did not hear,
Or dumb, no speech did I prepare,
 And nothing did divulge.

For in thee, O my Lord, I hope,
And thou wilt hear, and lift me up,
 Lest foes o'er me rejoice ;
My foot should they declining see,
'They magnify themselves o'er me,
 Against me lift their voice.

For I am ready, Lord, to halt,
I grieve and sorrow o'er my fault,
 And weep continually :
I will to thee confess my wrong,
Though foes are multiplied and strong,
 Who hate me wrongfully.

And they my adversaries are
For good, who evil do prepare,
 Because I good pursue ;
Forsake me not, my God, be near,
Make haste, and to my help appear,
 And thy salvation show.

THIRTY-NINTH PSALM.

“ I WILL take heed,” (my soul did say,)
Nor shall a sin defile my tongue ;
My mouth shall not a word betray,
While wicked men about me throng.

Silent I was, and held my peace,
From good I even did refrain ;
My heart it did with heat increase,
And when I mused it burnt again.

Then spake I with my loosen'd tongue,
Make me, O Lord, mine end to know ;
The measure of my days, how long,
And my exceeding frailty, show.

Like as a hand-breadth are my days,
Mine age is nothing, Lord, to thee ;
And man, amidst his best displays,
Is altogether vanity.

His walk is but an empty show,
He is disquieted in vain ;
He heapeth wealth, yet does not know
Who shall his gather'd wealth obtain.

And now what wait I for, O Lord ?
My hope is centred all in thee ;
Deliverance now from sin afford,
Nor let the foolish censure me.

Silent I was, thou didst it, Lord,
Thy stroke from me remove away ;
When thou correction shall afford,
Then does our beauty all decay.

Like as a moth does he consume,
And every man is vanity ;
His native earth he shall resume,
And number'd with the dust shall be.

Hear thou my cry and humble prayer,
Hold not thy peace, my tears suppress ;
Sojourners as my fathers were,
I am a stranger in distress.

Spare me, that I may strength acquire,
Ere yet the scenes of life are o'er ;
Before I shall from hence retire,
When passing seasons are no more.

FORTIETH PSALM.

FOR God I waited patiently,
And he inclined his ear to me ;
And when my feet had gone astray,
He brought me from the mire and clay.

He set upon the rock my feet,
And then establish'd my retreat ;
He placed upon my trembling tongue
A new and sweet harmonious song.

Even constant praises to my Lord,
That those who hear may trust his word ;
How blest the man, though made of dust,
That maketh God his only trust.

The proud in vain his friendship tries,
And those that turn aside to lies ;
His kind respects they ne'er obtain,
His best regards they never gain.

O Lord, those wondrous works we see,
In order cannot reckon'd be ;
For if I would each work declare,
They all beyond my numberings are.

Burnt offerings thou didst not desire,
Nor daily sacrifice require ;
But when my soul to thee drew near,
Thou open'd unto me thine ear.

Then did I say, " behold, O Lord !
'Tis written of me in thy word ;
I come, O God to do thy will,
And in my heart thy law fulfil.

For thee I preached righteousness,
The congregations I did bless ;
My lips have not refrain'd one word,
This truth, is known to thee O Lord.

I have not hid thy righteousness,
But have declared thy faithfulness ,
Thy kindness I have not conceal'd,
Nor truth which was by thee reveal'd.

Keep not thy mercies, Lord, from me,
Let me thy loving-kindness see ;
O let thy truth preserve me, Lord,
For numerous evils are abroad.

My sins have taken hold on me,
I cannot, Lord, look up to thee ;
In number they my hairs exceed,
My heart within me fails indeed.

Be pleased, O Lord, deliverance give,
Make haste, let me thy help receive ;
Let shame mine enemies annoy,
Who seek thy servant to destroy.

Let them be driv'n far backward still,
And put to shame, who wish me ill ;
Be desolation their reward,
Confusion for their disregard.

Let all who seek the Lord rejoice,
And gladly raise their cheerful voice,
But such as thy salvation love,
Shall magnify the Lord above.

But poor and needy I remain,
Yet God will think of me again;
Help me from thy supreme abode,
And make no tarrying, O my God.



FORTY-SECOND PSALM.

As seeks the hart the water brook,
So pants my heart, O Lord, for thee;
My thirsty soul doth upward look,
It longs the living God to see:
When shall I unto thee draw near,
And when before my God appear?

My tears have been my only food,
I shed them freely night and day;
While wicked men around me stood,
And constantly I heard them say,
"Where is thy God, and where his throne,
The Great, the High, and Holy One?"

When I remember these alone,
Like floods I pour my soul to thee ;
I with the multitude had gone,
With them the house of God to see :
And there thy praises did display
With those who kept a holy-day.

Why, O my soul, art thou cast down,
And why disquieted in me ?
Place all thy hope in him alone,
Yea, praise him for his help to thee :
His praises evermore advance,
Who helps thee with his countenance.

My soul lies prostrate on the ground,
Therefore will I remember thee ;
From Jordan, and from Hermon's bound,
Or Mizar's high acclivity :
Deep cried to deep with deafening call,
O'er me the bursting waves did fall.

The loving-kindness of the Lord
All the day long shall be with me ;
And in the night, with sweet accord,
I'll offer up my song to thee :
To God, my rock, my soul shall say,
Why go I mourning all the day ?

My bones are pierced as with a sword,
While daily all my foes do say,
“Where is thy God, th’ eternal Lord?
And where doth he his power display?”
My God all nature does control,
Then why art thou cast down, my soul?

And why disquieted art thou,
And prostrate cast upon the ground?
Hope thou in God, before him bow,
And in his joyful praise abound:
Till God unveil to thee his face,
And shed on thine his healthful grace.



FORTY-THIRD PSALM.

PLEAD thou my cause, and judge me, Lord,
When wicked men arise;
From those unjust in thought and word,
And full of treacherous lies.

My strength, O God, is all in thee,
O cast me not away;
For the oppression shown to me,
I mourn from day to day.

Thy light and truth, O send them still,
My wayward feet to guide ;
Lead me unto thy holy hill,
Within thy courts t' abide.

O, meet me at thine altar, Lord,
Thou my exceeding joy ;
Then in thy praise, with sweet accord,
My harp shall find employ.

Why, O my soul, art thou cast down ?
Why such disquietness ?
Hope thou in God, and he will crown
Thy head with righteousness.



FORTY-SIXTH PSALM.

God is our strength and refuge still,
A present help when troubles rise ;
Nor will we fear to trust his will,
Our all upon his truth relies :
Though earth should move, and mountains flee,
Merged in the billows of the sea.

Though the waves heave, and troubled are,
And mountains tremble with their swell,
A beauteous river doth appear,
Gliding where the redeemed dwell :

The streams thereof make glad th' abode,
The city of the living God.

That holy, sacred place of love,
The glorious courts of the Most High ;
The church of God shall not remove,
God in her midst is ever nigh :
The Lord himself shall help bestow,
And that right early he will show.

Th' infuriate heathen raged around,
The kingdoms moved before the Lord ;
His voice majestic did resound,
Earth melted at his sacred word :
The Lord of hosts is our defence,
And Jacob's God our recompense.

Behold the wondrous works of God !
What desolations he hath made !
In every part of earth's abode,
At his commands the wars are stay'd :
He breaks the bows and spears in ire,
And burns the chariots in the fire.

Be still, and know that I am God,
Exalt him, all the nations round ;
And in the heathen's dark abode,
His praise in all the earth resound :
The Lord of hosts our refuge is,
The God of Jacob is our bliss.

FORTY-SEVENTH PSALM.

O CLAP your hands, let all rejoice,
And shout with a triumphant voice ;
For terrible is God Most High,
A mighty King o'er earth and sky.

The Lord he will the nations meet,
And those subdue beneath our feet ;
The excellent he will advance,
And choose them their inheritance.

God with a shout to heaven has gone,
With trumpet he ascends his throne ;
Sing praises, unto Him sing praise,
To God our King high honours raise.

God over all the earth is king,
Your praise with understanding bring ;
The heathens he will rule and bless,
From his high throne of holiness.

The princes all assembled are,
Ev'n those of Abraham's God are there ;
The shields of earth belong to God,
Exalt him greatly all abroad.

FORTY-EIGHTH PSALM.

GREAT is the Lord, in his abode,
There shall his saints their praise express ;
The holy city of our God,
The mountain of his holiness.

How beautiful Mount Zion is,
The joy of the whole earth around !
The city of our King is this,
Which on the mountain sides is found.

God in her palaces is known,
A refuge where the trembling fly ;
For lo ! th' assembled kings came down,
And passed altogether by.

They saw, and much astonish'd were,
In trouble hasted swift away ;
Then were they seized indeed with fear,
As those who in deep travail lay.

The ships of Tarshish broken are,
Toss'd by the violence of wind ;
Waves in tumultuous storms appear,
And nothing leave but wreck behind.

As we have heard, so we have seen,
Within the city of our God ;
The Lord of hosts our God hath been,
And will establish his abode.

O God, thy love and kindness still,
While in thy courts our thoughts employ ;
According to thy name, we will
O'erflow the earth with praise and joy.

Thy hand is full of righteousness,
Let Zion's mountain then rejoice ;
Let Judah's daughters also bless,
And for thy judgments lift their voice.

Come, let us walk Mount Zion round,
And tell her towers as they appear ;
Mark well her bulwarks firm and sound,
Her palaces how great they are !

To rising generations tell,
This God is ours forevermore ;
And he will guide our souls, to dwell
Beyond where death exerts his power.



FIFTY-FIRST PSALM.

IN mercy, O my God, appear,
According to thy kindest love ;
As all thy tender mercies are,
So my transgressions far remove :
Wash me, O Lord, from every sin,
And fully cleanse my soul within.

My sins I humbly do confess,
They stand before me day and night ;
Against thee, Lord, I did transgress,
And did this evil in thy sight ;
That thou might justified be,
And clear whene'er thou judgest me.

I was conceived and born in sin,
While inward truth thou didst desire ;
And in the hidden parts within,
Wisdom and knowledge did require :
Purge me with hyssop, cleanse me now,
Then shall I whiter be than snow.

Gladness and joy make me to hear,
And all my broken bones restore ;
And hide thy face when sins appear,
Yea, blot them out forevermore :
O, change my heart, and make it clean,
And a right spirit place within.

Cast me not from thy presence, Lord,
Nor light, nor inspiration move ;
Let thy salvation be restored,
Thy holy spirit and its love :
Transgressors then thy ways shall see,
And sinners shall converted be.

Save me from all blood-guiltiness,
O, God of my salvation, thou ;
Then will I sing thy righteousness,
My tongue shall all thy goodness show ;
Open my lips new songs to raise,
My mouth shall then show forth thy praise.

No sacrifice dost thou desire,
Else would I give it, Lord, to thee ;
Burnt offerings thou dost not require
From such a feeble worm as me ;
A contrite heart is sacrifice,
Which thou, O God, wilt not despise.

Do good to Zion, bid her rise,
And build Jerusalem's walls again ;
Take pleasure in our sacrifice,
And our burnt offerings, Lord, sustain ;
Then from thine altar shall be given
Incense ascending up to heaven.



FIFTY-FOURTH PSALM.

By thy great name save me, O God,
My judge do thou appear ;
My prayer admit to thine abode,
And to my words give ear.

For strangers do against me rise,
Oppressors seek my soul ;
They set not God before their eyes,
They own not his control.

The Lord my helper I behold,
And he will me regard ;
He is with them who me uphold,
My foes he will reward.

When thou mine enemies destroy,
A sacrifice I 'll bring ;
Thy praise shall be my loved employ,
And thy good name I 'll sing.

From all my various troubles, Lord,
Thou hast deliver'd me ;
Mine eyes have seen o'er earth abroad,
My fallen enemy.



FIFTY-FIFTH PSALM.

GIVE ear unto my prayer, O Lord,
Nor from my supplications hide ;
Attend to me, and hear my word,
In thee I mournfully confide :
In my complaint I make a noise ;
Because my foes lift up their voice.

Because the wicked do oppress,
And cast on me iniquity ;
My heart is pain'd with sore distress ;
And death's dread terrors fall on me :
Trembling and fearfulness I find,
And horrors overwhelm my mind.

Like doves, O could I wing the air,
And fly away and be at rest ;
Then would I wander off afar,
In some lone shady wilderness :
Then would I hasten my retreat,
From where the storms and tempests beat.

Destroy, O Lord, divide their tongues,
I've seen their violence and strife ;
They day and night proceed in throngs,
With mischief and with sorrow rife :
With them dread wickedness is found,
With fraud and guile the streets abound.

'T was not a foe reproached me,
For then I could the deed have borne ;
Nor one to settled hatred free,
That magnified himself with scorn :
Then could I hide myself away,
Or from his company could stay.

But he it was, a friend most dear,
My fond acquaintance and my guide ;
With counsel sweet we each drew near,
And to God's house walk'd side by side :
Death shall upon them seize and dwell,
And they shall quick go down to hell.

Offences in their souls abound,
But I will call upon the Lord ;
And thou, O God, shalt then be found,
The Lord will save me by his word :
Evening, and morn, and noon, I 'll cry ;
And God shall hear my voice on high.

He hath deliver'd me in peace,
From battle which against me raged ;
Many about me did increase,
And many with me were engaged ;
God shall afflict them very sore,
He who abideth evermore.

Because they have no changes here,
They are against the fond of peace ;
The righteous God they do not fear,
His covenant they break with ease ;
His words than butter smoother are,
But in his heart is raging war—

Softer by far than oil his word,
Yet as drawn swords do they remain ;
But cast thy burden on the Lord,
And he alone will thee sustain :
The righteous whom the Lord doth love,
He will not suffer them to move.

But thou, O God, shalt bring them down,
The pit at last shall these receive ;
The men of blood, and fraud, are found
Not more than half their days to live ;
But I will trust, O Lord, in thee,
Both now and to eternity.

SIXTY-FIRST PSALM.

O GOD, in mercy deign to hear
Thy servant's humble, fervent prayer ;
From earth's remotest verge I cry,
To thee, thou holy and Most High !

'Midst evils when overwhelm'd I be,
Direct my wayward steps to thee ;
"Lead me the rock of ages nigh,"
Exalted far above the sky.

To me thou hast a shelter been,
From fierce and threatening foes a screen,
My tower of strength, my refuge thou,
My safeguard from the hostile foe.

Still near thyself may I reside,
And in thy holy courts abide ;
Keep me beneath thy shadowing wings,
Thou Lord of lords, and King of kings.

Near to thy altar when I bow,
Most graciously regard my vow ;
Give me an heritage to claim,
With those that fear and love thy name.

Preserved by truth and mercy still,
Aid me to do thy holy will ;
Accept each daily sacrifice,
Till thou remove me to the skies.

SIXTY-SECOND PSALM.

MY soul shall wait, my God, on thee,
Salvation cometh from above ;
My rock and my protection be,
Then shall I not so greatly move.

How long shall men in mischief live,
And utter words of mere pretence ?
Destruction they shall all receive,
Or tremble as a tottering fence.

Their only consultations are,
To prostrate his excellency ;
Their mouths with blessings they prepare,
But they have curses inwardly.

Wait thou on God, the Holy One,
My hope is from the realms above ;
He is my firm defence alone,
From whence I never shall remove.

My glory and salvation thou,
Rock of my strength and refuge be ;
Ye people, let your hearts o'erflow,
To God our refuge we will flee.

SECOND PART OF

SIXTY-SECOND PSALM.

SURELY the men of low degree
Are nothing more than vanity ;
And false are those of higher grade,
When they are in the balance laid ;
And altogether they appear
Far lighter than the empty air.

Do thou from all oppression flee,
Nor yet be vain in robbery;
If earthly riches should increase,
Set not thy heart on them for peace;
For God hath spoken all abroad,
That power belongeth to the Lord.

And mercy, Lord, belongs to thee,
Immense, unbounded, full, and free;
According as our works appear,
Thy gifts to all, thy grace shall bear,
With all thou hast so freely given,
To all on earth, and all in heaven.

SIXTY-FIFTH PSALM.

ETERNAL praises, Lord,
In Zion waits for thee;
Each vow and sacred word
Shall there performed be:
O thou that hear'st the feeblest prayer,
All flesh shall unto thee repair.

Against me, Lord, appear
My sins in dread array;
But these I shall not fear,
They shall be purged away:
Whom thou dost choose, how blest is he,
Who may approach thy courts, and thee!

We shall be satisfied
With what thy house can give ;
Within thy courts t' abide,
And in thy temple live :
By wondrous things in righteousness,
O God of our salvation, bless.

Thou art the confidence
Of all earth's tribes around ;
Of those who are far hence,
Or o'er the seas are found ;
'Tis by thy strength the mountains stand,
Girded by thine Almighty hand.

Thou still'st the raging seas,
The roaring of the wave ;
All tumults doth appease,
When wicked people rave :
And they that dwell remote from thee,
Shall fear, when they thy tokens see.

Thou mak'st the opening morn,
And evening, to rejoice ;
And earth thou dost adorn,
The rains obey thy voice :
Thy river, with enriching glide,
Extends its full and onward tide.

The corn thou didst prepare,
And for it wilt provide ;
The ridges water'd are,
And furrows by their side :
'Thou mad'st them soft with gentle showers,
To bud and spring with fruit and flowers.

The passing year is crown'd,
Which thou dost kindly bless ;
Thy paths drop fatness round,
Upon the wilderness :
'Midst streams the cheerful pastures spring,
And hills their glad rejoicings bring.

The pasture of the fields
With flocks is cover'd o'er ;
And every valley yields
Corn in abundant store :
The people shout aloud for joy,
And singing is their loved employ.

SIXTY-SIXTH PSALM.

MAKE unto God a joyful noise,
Sing forth the honours of his name ;
In all his glorious power rejoice,
In every land his praise proclaim ;
Thy works of power thy foes shall see,
And shall submit themselves to thee.

The earth shall worship thee, the Lord,
And unto thee a song shall raise ;
Come see the works of God abroad,
Which to all nations he displays :
His power alone dried up the flood,
And on dry land his people stood.

Then did they, Lord, rejoice in thee,
And nations round them did behold ;
No more may they rebellious be,
Or break the bound'ries of thy fold ;
Ye people, all come bless the Lord,
Come spread your voice of praise abroad.

Our souls and life in him abide,
Nor suffereth he our feet to move ;
As silver in the furnace tried,
Thou didst, O God, thy servants prove ;
Our feet within thy net were found,
And our afflictions did abound.

Our enemies o'er us did ride,
Through fire and water we have pass'd ;
But God, in whom we did confide,
Gave us a wealthy place at last ;
With offerings in thy house I'll bow,
And there will pay my earliest vow.

To thee burnt offerings I will bring,
My fatlings and my flocks prepare;
The first-fruits, Lord, of every thing,
As holy incense shall appear;
Come, all that fear the Lord, and see
How gracious he has been to me.

My mouth I open'd to the Lord,
My tongue his goodness doth declare;
My heart, if sin it doth regard,
He will not hearken to my prayer:
But God hath heard my voice on high,
And hath attended to my cry.



SIXTY-SEVENTH PSALM.

BE merciful, O God, and bless,
And shine on us in righteousness;
To all the earth make known thy way,
Thy saving health to all convey.

O, let the people praise thee, Lord,
Uniting all in full accord;
May the glad nations find employ
In singing heavenly songs of joy.

For thou shalt judge and greatly bless,
And rule the earth in righteousness ;
Let all the people sing thy praise,
May all their blest hosannas raise.

Then shall the earth yield her increase,
And God, our God, will grant us peace ;
With blessings he our souls shall cheer,
And all on earth his name shall fear.



SEVENTIETH PSALM.

MAKE haste, O Lord, deliver me,
And let me gain my help from thee ;
May shame extend its full control,
And those confound who seek my soul.

May they be in confusion thrown,
That do desire my hurt alone ;
Bid them turn back, their course retard,
And give them shame as their reward.

Let those that seek the Lord rejoice,
In thee be glad with cheerful voice ;
Let such as love redemption, cry,
“ The Lord be magnified on high.”

But poor and needy I remain,
Make haste, O Lord, my soul sustain ;
Nor tarry thou, make no delay,
Rise, my deliverer, come away.

SEVENTY-THIRD PSALM.

To Israel truly God is good,
To those whose hearts are clean and pure ;
But as for me, my feet they stood
Where all my steps were insecure :
I envious was when I did see
The wicked in prosperity.

No bands they feel, until in death,
Their strength its firmness does retain ;
Their plagues and evils here beneath,
Are not what other men sustain ;
Pride like a chain girds them around,
And they in violence do abound.

Their eyes in fatness are enclosed,
And more they have than heart desires ;
Corrupt and wickedly disposed,
Their speech a loftiness acquires :
They set their mouth opposed to heaven,
Their tongue o'er all the earth is driven.

SECOND PART OF

SEVENTY-THIRD PSALM.

THE wicked say, "How doth God know,
Does knowledge dwell with the Most High?
Th' ungodly of this world below,
Who prosper and in affluence lie?

Truly my heart is cleansed in vain,
And wash'd in pure innocency ;
For all day long my plagues remain,
And chastening every morning see.

Whene'er I speak, offence I give,
Against the generation round ;
And when this knowledge I receive,
It gives to me a painful wound.

But in thy courts with thee, my God,
'Then did I understand their end ;
A slippery place is their abode,
And thou shalt quick destruction send.

In desolation they are brought,
And utterly consumed with fear ;
And as a midnight dream is wrought,
Thou shalt despise the mask they bear.

Thus was my heart o'erwhelm'd with grief,
And I was pierced in my rein ;
Foolish and ignorant of relief,
Like as a beast I did remain.

Yet I am ever near thy side,
By thy right hand thou didst relieve ;
My spirit by thy counsel guide,
To glory then my soul receive.

Whom have I, Lord, in heaven, but thee ?
And nothing else do I desire ;
On earth no object do I see,
Thee, only thee, do I admire.

And though my heart and flesh shall fail,
Thou wilt my strength and portion be ;
No foes shall over me prevail,
They shall be all destroy'd by thee.

'T is good for me that I draw near,
Long have I trusted in thee, Lord ;
And all thy works as they appear,
I will declare them all abroad.

EIGHTIETH PSALM.

SHEPHERD of Israel, now give ear,
Who leadeth Joseph like a flock,
Between the cherubim appear,
Shine forth, our high defensive rock ;

O come, and all thy strength maintain,
Turn us, and shine on us again.

O, Lord of hosts, how long wilt thou
Be angry with thy people's prayer?
The bread of tears, how long bestow,
And tears to drink, how large a share?
To neighbours we appear forlorn,
Our foes are laughing us to scorn.

O, Lord of hosts, turn us again,
And cause thy face on us to shine;
And saved, we shall thy grace sustain,
Be made a blooming, fruitful vine:
The heathen were cast out before,
And O may they return no more.

Thou didst prepare us room to stand,
The hills were cover'd with our shade;
Thou gave us root to fill the land,
We were like goodly cedars made;
Our boughs did o'er the seas extend,
Our branches o'er the streams did bend.

Why hast thou broken us in haste?
Our foes insult us as they pass;
The boar out of the wood doth waste,
Wild beasts devour us as the grass:
Return, O Lord of hosts divine,
Look down from heaven, behold this vine!

The vineyard, too, of thy right hand,
The branch thou mad'st for strong defence,
'Tis burnt, and cut off from the land,
At thy rebukeful countenance :
O, let thine own right hand be laid
On him thou for thyself hast made.
So will we not go back from thee,
Turn us, and hide from us this shame ;
Quicken us now, and set us free,
And we will call upon thy name :
Turn us, O Lord, upon us shine,
And save us with a power divine !

EIGHTY-FOURTH PSALM.

THY holy tabernacles, Lord,
How truly amiable they be ;
My heart it faints to be restored,
And longs my soul to worship thee :
My flesh cries out for thine abode,
The temple of the living God.
The sparrows twittering in the air,
A house and place of nestling find ;
The swallows for their young prepare,
An habitation to their mind :
And round thine altar I will bring
An offering to my God and King.

Bless'd is the man that near thee dwells,
Who still will offer praise to thee ;
And happy those whose strength excels,
And walk thy ways continually :
In Baca's vale shall wells abound,
And rain shall fill the pools around.

From strength to strength, before the Lord,
In Zion shall they all appear ;
O God of hosts, my prayer regard,
O God of Jacob, lend thine ear ;
Our shield and our protector be,
Look down, and thine anointed see.

Within thy courts, a single day
Exceeds a thousand spent in vain ;
And in thy house I'd rather stay,
And keeper of the door remain,
And there to dwell in righteousness,
Than in the tents of wickedness.

The Lord he is a sun and shield,
The Lord will grace and glory give ;
His goodness shall abundance yield,
And every want he will relieve ;
And He who is unsullied light,
Will nothing keep from the upright.

EIGHTY-FIFTH PSALM

THOU, Lord, unto our land
Hast favourable been ;
And while a captive band,
In our defence was seen :
Thou brought us from captivity,
And cover'd our iniquity.

Thy wrath thou didst restrain,
Thine anger turn'd away ;
Turn us, O God, again,
Thy saving power display :
Forever let thine anger cease,
And grant our generations peace.

And wilt thou not, O Lord,
Revive and set us free ?
That saints, with sweet accord,
May all rejoice in thee ?
To us thy saving mercy show,
And let us thy salvation know.

I'll hear what God will say,
His words are full of peace ;
And him we will obey,
From every folly cease :
His great salvation is at hand,
His glory dwells upon our land.

Mercy and truth do meet
With peace and righteousness ;
And each the other greet,
With kind and fond caress :
Truth springs from earth, by culture given,
And righteousness looks down from heaven.
Yea, God shall then bestow
An unmolested peace ;
And all our lands below,
Shall yield a great increase :
Before him shines true righteousness,
Which lights our way to heavenly bliss.

EIGHTY-SIXTH PSALM.

Most holy Lord, bow down thine ear,
And hearken to my feeble prayer ;
Preserve my soul that trusts in thee,
And all thy kindness show to me.
Art thou not ready to forgive,
And pleased when dying sinners live ?
Is not the goodness of thy name
In every age and place the same ?
Come then, and all my wants regard,
And bless me with thy saints' reward ;
And when fierce troubles gather round,
Let grace more plenteously abound.

'Thou art my shield and strong defence,
My over-ruling providence ;
The all-pervading Deity,
Whose presence fills immensity.

With millions I will worship thee,
And bow the humble, suppliant knee ;
The greatness of thy love proclaim,
And sing the glories of thy name.

Thou art the eternal God alone,
The heaven of heavens contains thy throne ;
Yet is thy love so full and free,
The humblest soul may trust in thee.

Father, to me a token show,
My claim to glory let me know ;
Strengthen my soul, and kindly give
Continued comfort while I live.



EIGHTY-EIGHTH PSALM.

O God of my salvation, thou,
Both day and night I cry to thee ;
Admit my prayers before thee now,
Incline thy gracious ear to me.

I 'm full of trouble and of grief,
My life unto the grave draws nigh ;
I sink in pits, where no relief,
No strength my trembling bones supply.

Free 'midst the dead, in graves confined,
Whom thou rememberest no more ;
Cut off, and to the deep consign'd,
Where the thick clouds of darkness lower.

Thy wrath lay hard upon me, Lord,
Conflicting waves o'er me did roll ;
No friends to claim in sweet accord,
Shut up, and held in dread control.

My mournful eye is red with grief,
While daily I have cried to thee ;
I pray'd that I might find relief,
But none was offer'd unto me.

Wilt thou show wonders to the dead,
And shall the dead sing praise to thee ?
Shall there be loving-kindness spread,
Shall there thy faithful mercies be ?

Shall all thy wonders there be known,
Where nought but darkness holds its sway ?
Or can thy righteousness be shown,
Where nothing but destructions lay ?

I cried, O Lord, my griefs control,
My morning prayer shall rise to thee ;
Lord, why dost thou cast off my soul,
Why hidest thou thy face from me ?
Ready I am through grief to die,
From earlier years of youth till now ;
With terrors I distracted lie,
Thy wrath and terrors lay me low.
Daily my foes like floods around,
Encompass me on every side ;
Lover and friend no more are found,
In darkness my acquaintance hide.

NINETIETH PSALM.

THOU, Lord, our dwelling place hast been,
To all our generations known ;
Before the mountain heights were seen,
Or thou with hills the earth didst crown :
From everlasting is thy name,
Which shall to endless years remain.
Man thou returnest to the ground,
Whence he originally came ;
With thee a thousand years are found
To be as yesterday, the same :
A day, a year, are in thy sight,
As the short watches of the night.

Or as a flood, with onward sweep,
Our lives are swiftly borne away ;
Or like a brief and dreamy sleep,
Or grass, soon hastening to decay :
We flourish with the morning light,
But wither at the approach of night.

We by thine anger are consumed,
And troubled when thy wrath is near ;
When with thy light we are illumed,
Then all our secret sins appear :
For all our days are pass'd away,
Our years, like tales, refuse to stay.

Three-score and ten our years may be,
Or four-score, if our strength remain ;
Yet we shall toil and labour see,
And pass, and ne'er return again :
Thy power of anger who can bear ?
And as thy wrath, so is thy fear.

Teach us to number well our days,
And wisely all our powers apply ;
Return, O Lord, make no delays,
Repent, and hear thy servant's cry :
Early may we thy mercies see,
And all our life rejoice in thee.

According as our days have been,
The times when we afflicted were ;
The years of evil we have seen,
So let thy love to us appear :
O let thy work to us be shown,
Thy glory to our children known.
And let the beauty of our Lord,
Thy holiness, around us shine ;
Establish thou our work abroad,
The work of our own hands make thine :
Make all thy promised mercies sure,
To stand unchanged while years endure.

NINETY-FIRST PSALM.

HE who hath made his dwelling nigh
The secret place of the Most High,
There shall his soul in peace abide,
And underneath his shadow hide ;
And I will say, " thou art my tower,
Thee will I trust forevermore.

Thou shalt escape the fowler's snare,
And pestilence so noisome there ;
God will thy ample covering be,
And stretch his fostering wings o'er thee ;
His steadfast truth from heaven reveal'd,
Shall be thy buckler and thy shield.

Thou shalt in no wise be afraid
For terrors of the midnight shade ;
Nor for the arrows which, by day,
May wing their poison'd, reckless way ;
Nor lurking pestilence at night,
Nor wastings of meridian light.

Thousands may fall thy feet beneath,
And tens of thousands sink in death ;
Thou shalt the dreadful conflict see,
But it shall not come nigh to thee ;
The wicked shall forever die,
But thou shalt dwell with the Most High.

No evil shall approach to thee,
No plague shall near thy dwelling be ;
To angels God himself conveys
A charge to keep in all thy ways ;
And bear thee in their hands alone,
Lest thou shouldst dash against a stone.

Thou shalt upon the lion tread,
And crush the serpent's poisonous head ;
The fiercer dragon thou shalt meet,
And trample him beneath thy feet ;
Thy refuge is the Lord Most High,
Creator of both earth and sky.

Because he set his love on me,
A full deliverance he shall see ;

Because that he hath known my name,
His honour I will far proclaim ;
To him shall length of days be given,
And everlasting life in heaven.



NINETY-FIFTH PSALM.

COME, let us sing unto the Lord,
In heavenly songs of sweet accord ;
A loud and joyful anthem raise,
The rock of our salvation praise.

Before his presence lift our voice,
And make with psalms a joyful noise ;
He is a King, all kings above,
Above all gods, the God of love.

The deep is in his mighty hand,
The hills stand firm at his command ;
The sea is his, and all its bound,
He form'd the firm and solid ground.

O come, and let us worship now,
Before the Lord our Maker bow ;
He is our God, his name we bear,
The sheep of his own fold we are.

We are the people of his choice,
To-day if ye will hear his voice,
Nor hardness in your hearts possess,
As when ye ranged the wilderness.

As when the fathers tempted me,
And all my wondrous works did see ;
Forty years long I then was grieved,
Because of those who disbelieved.

The people err'd and went astray,
They did not know the Lord's right way ;
And though a rest he did prepare,
He sware they should not enter there.

NINETY-SIXTH PSALM.

SING a new song unto the Lord,
Join, all the earth, in sweet accord ;
Sing to the Lord a cheerful lay,
Show his salvation day by day.

Declare his glory all abroad,
His wonders everywhere record ;
The Lord is great, exalt his name,
Above all gods his fear proclaim.

Idols all other gods are found,
But our God spread the heavens around ;
He is all majesty divine,
His courts with glorious beauties shine.

Ye kindreds, give unto the Lord,
Glory and strength to him award ;
Give glory to his hallow'd name,
Your offering in his courts proclaim.

Say to the world, the Lord doth reign,
The world unmoved he doth sustain ;
All nations shall his judgments bless,
For he doth judge in righteousness.

Let heaven rejoice, and earth adore,
The sea with all its fulness roar ;
And every field shall joyful be,
And every wood, and every tree.

To judge the world the Lord shall come,
And all his grandeur shall assume.
He'll judge the world in righteousness,
And with his truth his people bless.



NINETY-EIGHTH PSALM.

O, SING unto the Lord,
The high and Holy One ;
His works are spread abroad,
What his right hand hath done ;

His arm of vast immensity
Hath gotten him the victory.

The Lord he hath made known
His great salvation here ;
His righteousness hath shown,
Where heathen men appear ;
His mercy he remembereth still,
His truth to Israel doth fulfil.

Let earth in all its bound
His great salvation see ;
And joyfully resound,
In singing praise to thee :
Sing to the Lord, in him rejoice,
Praise him with instrument and voice.

With trumpets all rejoice,
And cornets sweetly sing ;
And make a joyful noise
Unto the Lord our King :
Let the full sea with praises swell,
The world, and all therein that dwell.

The floods shall clap their hands,
Let hills overflow with mirth ;
The Lord before us stands,
He comes to judge the earth :
Righteous shall all his judgments be,
He' ll judge the world in equity.

HUNDREDTH PSALM.

MAKE to the Lord a joyful noise,
His praises sing in every land ;
Serve him with glad and cheerful voice,
With singing in his presence stand.

Know ye the Lord ; he is our God,
And we the people of his care ;
He made us for his own abode,
The sheep of his own fold we are.

Enter his gates with holy praise,
Within his courts his power proclaim,
To him immortal honours raise,
And thank and bless his glorious name.

The Lord is good and rich in grace,
His mercy is forever sure ;
To all the tribes of Adam's race,
His truth shall evermore endure.

HUNDRED AND SECOND PSALM

O LORD, regard my humble prayer,
And let my cry come unto thee ;
When troubles shall my heart ensnare,
Hide not thy face, O Lord, from me :
Kindly incline thy gracious ear,
To my relief with speed repair.

My days consume away like smoke,
My bones are burn'd as on a hearth ;
My heart is smitten with thy stroke,
And wither'd like the grass in dearth :
My woes indeed are so replete,
That I forget my bread to eat.

By reason of my great distress,
My skin is cleaving to my bones ;
Like birds that prowl the wilderness,
Or as the desert owlet moans ;
Or sparrows twittering for their mates,
On the house-top or lonely gates.

My foes reproach me all the day,
They that are mad at me are sworn ;
Ashes I eat to my dismay,
And drink my tears like one forlorn ;
Because of thy indignant frown,
Who raised me, and who cast me down.

My days like shadows do decline,
I wither as the parched grass ;
While years unchangeable are thine,
To all, shall thy remembrance pass :
Arise, O Lord, bring Zion home,
The time to favour her has come.

Thy saints take pleasure in her stones,
And favour all her sacred ground ;
Kings shall revere thee on their thrones,
And heathens fear thy name around :
When God shall Zion's walls repair,
In glory shall he then appear.

The destitute he will regard,
And this to generations show ;
Their prayer and toil he will reward,
Millions to come this truth shall know :
People that shall created be,
Shall offer praises, Lord, to thee.

God from his holy courts looks down,
From heaven he doth the earth behold ;
To hear the prisoner's mournful groan,
And loose what death has long controll'd ;
In Zion thy great name to raise,
And in Jerusalem sing thy praise.

When all the people gather'd are,
And kingdoms meet to serve the Lord,
He did my weaken'd strength impair,
My days were shorten'd by his word :
I said, " O take me not away,
Ere the meridian of my day."

Thy years through generations stand,
Earth's firm foundations thou hast laid ;
The heavens are works of thine own hand,
Those starry hosts by thee were made :
Yet these wax old, and all heaven's range,
Thou, Lord, shalt as a vesture change.

But thou, O Lord, art still the same,
Thy years shall never, never end ;
Thy servants, who revere thy name,
Their children onward shall extend ;
Their seed shall firm establish'd be,
And ever shall reside near thee.

HUNDRED AND THIRD PSALM.

My soul shall bless the Lord,
And praise his holy name ;
His benefits record,
And all his grace proclaim ;
He hath forgiven all my sin,
And healed all my woes within.
He hath redeem'd my life,
My head with kindness crown'd ;
And 'midst the scenes of strife,
His mercies do abound ;
With good my heart is satisfied,
My soul with youthful strength supplied.

The Lord in righteousness
Shall make his judgments known,
Abundantly will bless,
And claim the oppress'd his own;
To Moses he made known his ways,
And Israel saw his vast displays.

Thou kind and gracious Lord,
To anger thou art slow;
Thy dealings, acts, and word,
Thy plenteous mercies show:
God will not always blame and chide,
Nor angry evermore abide.

To us thou hast not been,
As our offences were;
But high as heaven is seen,
So great thy mercies are:
From east to west, and sky to sky,
Removed do our transgressions lie.

Like as a father kind,
Doth for his children feel,
Thy pity, Lord, we find,
Our mourning breasts to heal:
Our frames he knows (in whom we trust,)
Remembering that we are but dust.

Our days are like the grass,
Or flowers which deck the plain ;
O'er which the winds do pass,
But flourish not again :
Though fair and beauteous now the flower,
Its place shall soon be known no more.
But mercy shall endure
To all who fear the Lord ;
And those are kept secure,
Who know and keep thy word :
God hath prepared his throne on high,
His kingdom rules from sky to sky.
Ye angels, bless the Lord,
Who do in strength excel ;
Ye heralds of his word,
And hosts that round him dwell :
His works, where'er in space ye roll,
Bless ye the Lord, and thou my soul.



HUNDRED AND FIFTH PSALM.

O COME, give thanks unto the Lord,
And call upon his gracious name ;
His great and mighty deeds record,
His grace to all mankind proclaim ;
Sing unto him, sing psalms of praise,
Talk ye of all his wondrous ways.

Glory ye in his holy name,
Let those rejoice that seek the Lord ;
Seek ye his strength, 't is still the same,
Seek ye his face and changeless word ;
Remember all that he hath done,
His words, and wonders of his throne.

Ye seed of Abraham, now draw near,
And Jacob's sons, a chosen band ;
He is the Lord, our God is here,
His judgments are in all the land ;
His covenant he remembereth still,
His words to thousands will fulfil.

That which with Abraham he affirm'd,
And with an oath to Isaac swore,
The same to Jacob he confirm'd,
A law enduring evermore :
Saying, "I will thy seed advance
To Canaan, thine inheritance."

And when they were in number few,
And strangers, and sojourners there ;
The many nations they pass'd through,
And kingdoms, where they did appear,
He suffer'd none to do them wrong,
Kings were reprov'd they dwelt among.

“Touch not my sons anointed here,
And to my prophets do no harm;”
He spake, and famine did appear,
O'er all the land it spread alarm :
On all the grounds his hand was spread,
Dissolving the whole staff of bread.

Joseph was sold a servant there,
His feet the iron fetters bound ;
Until the word and time drew near,
And he was placed with the renown'd :
The king then pass'd his strong decree,
The ruler loosed and set him free.

O'er all his house he made him lord,
The ruler of his wealth and gain ;
To bind his princes at his word,
And wisdom to his court explain ;
And Israel into Egypt came,
Jacob sojourn'd in lands of Ham.

And he increased his people there,
Ev'n stronger than their enemy ;
Though they did hateful passion bear,
And dealt t'ward them with subtlety :
Deliverance God did then provide,
Moses and Aaron by his side.

They show'd his signs by field and flood,
His wonders in the land around ;
He turn'd their waters into blood,
And darkness spread o'er them profound ;
Instead of fish, the Lord did bring
Frogs in the chambers of the king.

He speaks, and flies and lice prevail,
And hail for rain, and flaming fire ;
And these the vines and trees assail,
And spread through all their coast his ire ;
Locusts and creeping worms abound,
Devouring all upon the ground.

He smote the first-born, house and fold,
The chief of all their strength did fall ;
He brought his chosen forth with gold,
And none were feeble 'midst them all :
Egypt was glad when they were gone,
For fear had seized both cot and throne.

The cloud was for a covering spread,
The flame illumed by night their way ;
The people ask'd, he gave them bread,
And God did full supplies convey :
The rock with crystal streams abounds,
Which flow'd like rivers o'er their grounds.

His promise he remembereth still,
What he to Abraham did affirm ;
His faithful word he will fulfil,
And all his covenants confirm :
He brought his people forth with praise,
His chosen songs of gladness raise.
He gave to them a fertile soil,
Their lands with clustering vines abound ;
And they possess the people's toil,
Their fruits and fields, and meads and ground :
That they his statutes may regard,
And keep his laws, and praise the Lord.

HUNDRED AND SIXTH PSALM.

THE Lord come let us praise,
The holy, good, and pure ;
To him our thanks we 'll raise,
Whose mercies shall endure :
Who can his mighty acts conceive ?
And who sufficient praise can give ?
Those souls the Lord will bless,
Who keep his judgments still ;
That doeth righteousness,
And all his ways fulfil :
Remember me, and freely give
Those favours which thy saints receive.

O visit me, my Lord,
With thy salvation now ;
That good to me afford,
Thou dost on saints bestow ;
And let me joyfully engage,
And glory with thy heritage.

SECOND PART OF
HUNDRED AND SIXTH PSALM.

WITH our forefathers we did sin,
Committing great iniquity ;
Their wickedness was deep within,
Though all thy wonders they did see ;
Although thy mercies did abound,
Yet they were in rebellion found.

Thou saved them for thy great name sake,
To make thy mighty power known ;
A path within the sea did make,
And led them through the deep profound :
From foes inveterate set them free,
And saved them from their enemy.

Their foes lie cover'd by the wave,
Not one of them was left behind ;
Then to his words they credit gave,
And in a song of praise combined :

But soon they did forget the Lord,
Nor waited for his gracious word.

They lusted, though so greatly blest,
Nor would submit to God's control ;
He gave to them their own request,
And sent them leanness in their soul ;
Moses they vilely did deride,
In Aaron they would not confide.

Then did the earth her mouth expand,
And Dathan and Abiram slew ;
Fire kindled at the Lord's command,
Its flames their comrades did pursue ;
In Horeb they a calf did rear,
The molten image worshipp'd there.

Then was their mighty glory changed,
Like oxen grazing on the meads ;
From God their Saviour were estranged,
Who wrought for them such wondrous deeds :
Those wonders in the land of Ham,
And the Red Sea, through which they came.

The Lord would have destroy'd them all,
But Moses in the breach appear'd ;
And God did let his anger fall,
And Moses' intercessions heard :
Yea, they despised the pleasant land,
And disbelieved the Lord's command.

They murmur'd in their tents around,
Nor did the voice of God obey;
'Therefore the Lord did them confound,
And thousands in the desert slay;
Their seed lie scattered among
The nations as they pass'd along.

Ev'n Baalpeor they did invoke,
And of their offerings did partake;
Till they his anger did provoke,
Upon them then the plague did break:
Phinehas his faithfulness display'd,
And then the dreadful plague was stay'd.

The Lord did Phinehas greatly bless,
Who slew the vile offenders down;
His act was counted righteousness,
And he obtain'd immense renown;
His name the records will secure,
While generations shall endure.

THIRD PART OF

HUNDRED AND SIXTH PSALM

THEN they provoked the Lord again,
When he did streams for them obtain;
And Moses, influenced by the throng,
Spake indiscreetly with his tongue.

Because his soul they did provoke,
Then unadvisedly he spoke ;
God did his servant reprimand,
Forbidding him the promised land.

The nations round they did not slay,
According as the Lord did say ;
But mingled they among their bands,
And learn'd the works of heathen hands.

Idols they served and worshipp'd there,
Which unto them became a snare ;
Their sons and daughters undisguised,
Were unto devils sacrificed.

And blood most innocent was shed,
And children unto slaughter led ;
Around the idol shrines they stood,
Polluting the whole land with blood.

With their own works they were defiled,
And with inventions were beguiled ;
Then God, with wrathful countenance,
Kindled at his inheritance.

Then were they 'midst the heathens placed,
And by them hated and disgraced :
Their enemies did them oppress,
And they were brought in great distress.

And many times deliverance came,
But they provoked the Lord the same ;
For all their sins they were brought low,
And under deep distress did bow.

When they in deep affliction lie,
The Lord regarded then their cry ;
His covenant remember'd still,
And changed the purpose of his will.

His mercies o'er their lands did fall,
He made them pitied by all ;
Ev'n those who carried them away,
Marks of compassion did display.

Save us, O God, our only Lord,
From all the heathen bands abroad ;
Thy holy name to thank and bless,
And triumph in thy righteousness.

To Israel's God all thanks afford,
He is the everlasting Lord ;
Let all the people anthems raise,
Praise ye the Lord, Amen, sing praise.



HUNDRED AND SEVENTH PSALM.

GIVE thanks unto the Lord most high,
Whose mercy ever shall endure ;
Thus let the souls redeem'd reply,
'Those who from foes he keeps secure.

He gather'd them who far did stray,
And in the desert places fell ;
Lost in a solitary way,
Who found no cities where to dwell.

Hunger and thirst their souls oppress'd,
Then did they cry unto the Lord ;
He brought them out when sore distress'd,
And full deliverance did afford.

He led them forth by the right way,
That they might habitations rear ;
His praise and goodness to display,
And all his wondrous works declare.

The longing souls he satisfies,
And fills the hungry with good things ;
His goodness every want supplies,
And overflowing comfort brings.

SECOND PART OF

HUNDRED AND SEVENTH PSALM.

SEATED in darkness and in death,
And bound in iron grief they lie ;
Those who had breath'd rebellious breath,
And scorn'd the counsel of th' Most High.

With toil he did their hearts repress,
They fell, and none did help afford ;
He saved them out of their distress,
Because they cried unto the Lord.

He changed their darkness into light,
And led them through Death's gloomy shade ;
Their bands were broken by his might,
And their defence in dust was laid.

O, praise the goodness of the Lord,
Which all his wondrous works display ;
The gates of brass break at his word,
And iron bars he cuts away.

Fools are afflicted for their sin,
Their souls abhor all pleasant meat ;
Because of wickedness within,
They near to death's dark gates retreat.

Then do they cry in their distress,
And God doth heal them by his word ;
He saves them in his righteousness,
And full deliverance doth afford.

O, may they all thy goodness praise,
A tribute to thy works prepare ;
An offering of thanksgiving raise,
And joyfully thy works declare.

THIRD PART OF

HUNDRED AND SEVENTH PSALM.

THEY that in ships go down to sea,
And business 'midst the billows keep,
The marvellous works of God they see,
His mighty wonders in the deep.

The winds are raised by his control,
The waves in heaving billows play ;
They mount to heaven, then downward roll,
And in the ocean's caverns lay.

Their souls melt down in deepest woe,
As the fierce tempests do extend ;
Like drunkards staggering to and fro,
And reel as if at their wits' end.

Then do they cry in dread alarm,
Till God doth their desires fulfil ;
He makes the raging storm a calm,
So that the waves thereof are still.

Then are they glad when they have gain'd
The haven of desired rest ;
And praise that goodness that maintain'd
Those wondrous works of righteousness.

FOURTH PART OF

HUNDRED AND SEVENTH PSALM.

WHERE the assembled elders are,
Let his exalted praises sound ;
Where congregated saints repair,
Praise, everlasting praise, rebound.

He makes the streams a wilderness,
The water springs a parched ground ;
The fruitful land is barrenness,
Because that wicked men abound.

Then streams do in the deserts swell,
And water springs 'midst drought appear ;
And there he makes the hungry dwell,
And build them habitations there.

They sow the fields, and plant the vine,
Their fruits do yield a large increase ;
Around them summer's suns do shine,
And neither flocks nor herds decrease.

Again diminish'd and opprest,
Beneath affliction's dreadful sway ;
The power of princes is repress,
They wander in a desert way.

On high the poor shall lift their voice,
Like flocks their families shall see ;
The righteous shall in God rejoice,
And wicked all shall silent be.

Whoso is wise, let them behold,
And they shall understand thy word ;
To them, even them, thou wilt unfold
The loving-kindness of the Lord.



HUNDRED AND TENTH PSALM.

THE Lord himself to my Lord said,
Take thou at my right hand thy seat ;
Until thy numerous foes are made
To sit submissive at thy feet :
The Lord thy rod of strength shall send,
Which o'er thy foes thou shalt extend.

Thy people all shall willing be,
When thy great power thou shalt renew ;
The beauties of thy grace shall see,
Its youth and earliest morning dew :
Like Salem's King, God will secure
Thy priesthood ever to endure.

The Lord, that day, at thy right hand,
Shall strike in wrath through many kings ;
Shall judge the heathen as they stand,
And wound the heads each country brings :
Shall drink the brook which cheers the mead,
And therefore shall lift up his head.

HUNDRED AND ELEVENTH PSALM.

PRAISE ye the Lord, my heart shall sing,
And praises 'midst th' assemblies bring ;
His works are great, sought out and known
By those well pleased with him alone.

His works are glorious and mature,
His righteousness shall firm endure ;
He made those works, that all mankind
Might know how great and good his mind.

Food for his saints he will provide,
His covenant doth firm abide ;
His power and works all souls engage,
He gives his saints their heritage.

The works of his Almighty hand
In truth and judgment ever stand ;
His full commandments, firm and sure,
In truth and righteousness endure.

Redemption unto all he sends,
His holy covenant never ends ;
His power and love remain the same,
Holy and reverend is his name.

A sacred fear of thee, O Lord,
Wisdom's first dawning shall afford ;
Good understanding those display,
Who praise him, and his words obey.



HUNDRED AND TWELFTH PSALM.

BLESS'D is the man that fears the Lord,
And is delighted with his word ;
His seed on earth shall mighty be,
And bless'd is his posterity.

His residence and wealth secure,
His goodness ever shall endure ;
Round him shall rise the purer light,
And darkness flee from the upright.

Righteous and all compassion he,
A good man's favours all are free ;
He doth discreetly all things guide,
And ever shall unmoved abide.

The righteous shall for ever be
Remember'd by posterity ;
No evil he doth fear abroad,
His heart is fix'd to trust the Lord.

Establish'd firm, no fear shall know,
Shall overcome each hostile foe ;
He has dispersed, he gave the poor,
His righteousness shall firm endure.

Exalted he in honour lives,
The wicked see it, and he grieves ;
They gnash their teeth, and melt away,
And their desires with them decay.



HUNDRED AND THIRTEENTH PSALM.

PRAISE him, ye servants of the Lord,
And bless his holy name ;
From this time forth, in sweet accord,
His endless praise proclaim.

From the first rising of the sun,
Unto his final rest,
Let everlasting praises run,
His name be ever blest.

The Lord is great, and great his throne,
His glory fills the sky ;
Who can compare with God alone,
Whose dwelling is on high.

Himself he humbleth, to adjust
The things in earth and heaven ;
The poor he raiseth from the dust,
His strength to them hath given.

That he may set his people where
The princes may be found,
He makes the barren mother bear,
In fruitfulness abound.



HUNDRED AND FIFTEENTH PSALM.

No glory to ourselves we take,
This we present to thee, O Lord ;
For thine own truth and mercy sake,
We offer praise in full accord :
Then wherefore should the heathen say,
“ Where is their God to whom they pray ? ”
Our God 'midst heaven's vast circle stands,
And doth entire dominion hold :
Their gods are works of their own hands,
Idols of silver and of gold :

Though forms of sense on each appear,
They neither speak, nor see, nor hear.

And they who make them do sustain

A likeness to the moulded dust ;

Blinded and deaf they all remain,

While they in idol worship trust :

There is no other God alone,

But the eternal Holy One.

O Israel, trust thou in the Lord,

On him, ye priests and saints, rely ;

The Lord your shield will help afford,

And every blessing will supply :

The Lord is mindful of us all,

To those that fear him, great and small.

He shall increase you more and more,

You and your children he will bless ;

In heaven and earth he gives you store,

For he doth heaven and earth possess :

The silent dead shall sing no praise,

But songs eternal we will raise.



HUNDRED AND SIXTEENTH PSALM.

I LOVE the Lord because he heard

My voice and humble prayer ;

In my behalf his grace appear'd,

To me inclined his ear.

Long as I live I'll pray to thee,
When sorrows gather round ;
Though death itself encompass me,
And hell's dread pains abound.

Yea, I will call on thee, my Lord,
Thou wilt those ills control ;
I will beseech thee to afford
Deliverance to my soul.

Gracious and merciful art thou,
Thy righteousness I see ;
My soul was brought exceeding low,
But thou assisted me.

Return, my soul, unto thy rest,
God has been kind to thee ;
'Midst death's dark shade thou shalt be blest,
And full deliverance see.

O keep mine eyes from every tear,
Preserve my feet secure ;
Then in thy paths will I appear,
While years and life endure.

I spake, my words were too unchaste,
And heedless was my tongue ;
I said, and said it much in haste,
That every man was wrong.

What shall I render to thee, Lord,
For all thy gifts to me ?
I will accept thy saving word,
And call, O Lord, on thee.

Now will I pay my vows aright,
That all thy saints may hear ;
For precious in thy holy sight
Thy dying saints appear.

Truly thy servant I arise,
For thou hast loosed my cord ;
I therefore offer sacrifice,
And call upon the Lord.

To thee my vows, O Lord, I'll pay,
Where saints assembled are ;
Within thy holy courts I'll stay,
Thy praises to declare.



HUNDRED AND TWENTIETH PSALM.

IN deep and sore distress,
I cried unto the Lord ;
And in his boundless righteousness,
He hearken'd to my word.

From lips disposed to lies,
And a deceitful tongue,
Deliver thou my soul, and rise
Those conquests to prolong.

And what wilt thou bestow
On tongues replete with ire?
Sharp arrows of the mighty throw,
And burning coals of fire.

Alas! that I sojourn
In envious Mesech still;
Or in the tents of Kedar mourn,
Exposed to every ill.

I dwell with those that break,
And strive my peace to mar;
I am for peace, but when I speak,
They all prepare for war.



HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIRST PSALM.

UNTO the hills I lift mine eyes,
Whence cometh all my rich supplies;
From thee, O Lord, my help is given.
Who made, and fills both earth and heaven.

That ever-wakeful power above
Will not permit thy feet to move ;
He that doth Israel safely keep,
His watchful eyes do never sleep.

The Lord thy keeper near shall stand,
A welcome shade at thy right hand ;
By day no sultry sun shall smite,
Nor the moon's paler gleam by night.

From evil and its dire control
The Lord shall well preserve thy soul ;
Thy going and returning hour,
From this time forth and evermore.



HUNDRED AND TWENTY-SECOND PSALM.

I WAS glad when the sound I did hear,
Let us go to the house of our God ;
Our feet shall stand cheerfully there,
In the gates of that ancient abode.

Jerusalem, how beauteous and fair !
A city prepared by the Lord ;
Where assembled the tribes meet to hear
Thy pure incorruptible word.

To the statutes of Israel draw near,
With offerings of thanks to God's name ;
Where the thrones of the mighty appear,
The thrones which his judgments proclaim.

For the peace of Jerusalem pray,
May they prosper indeed that love thee ;
In thy borders may peace hold full sway,
In thy palaces prosperity.

For those in fraternal accord,
My companions where'er they are found ;
For the sake of the house of the Lord,
May peace and its blessings abound.



HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FOURTH PSALM.

If God had not been on our side,
Well may the tribes of Israel say ;
When men rose like a fearful tide,
Then had we all been swept away.

They would have swallow'd us alone,
Such was the wrath to us they bore ;
Then o'er our souls the waves had gone,
And we had sunk to rise no more.

We bless the Lord who heard our prayer,
Nor gave us to our foes a prey ;
Like birds which broke the fowler's snare,
We wing'd our joyful flight away.

Our help, O Lord, is in thy name,
To thee shall all our praise be given ;
Let all thy works thy praise proclaim,
Whose power alone made earth and heaven.

HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIFTH PSALM.

THEY that do in the Lord confide,
As Zion's mount unmoved shall be ;
Steadfast and firm they shall abide,
For God is their security.

As round Jerusalem appear
Mountains of strong defensive power,
The Lord protects his people here,
From henceforth and for evermore.

The rod for wicked men design'd
Shall not upon the righteous rest ;
But to the good is good assign'd,
The upright in their hearts are blest.

He leads them forth who turn aside
With such as work iniquity ;

But peace on Israel shall abide,
From now to all eternity.

HUNDRED AND TWENTY-SIXTH
PSALM.

WHEN our captivity did change,
And Zion's walls with light did beam,
Our mouths were fill'd with joys as strange,
As men awaking from a dream.

The Lord hath done for us great things,
And praise shall flow from every mouth ;
Our captive tribes again he brings,
Like streams returning to the south.

He that goes forth and sows in tears,
With joy at reaping time shall come ;
His sheaves of precious seed he bears,
At the great feast of *harvest home*.

HUNDRED AND TWENTY-EIGHTH
PSALM.

HAPPY the man who doth revere,
And walks in God's commands ;
Who labours for, and eats with cheer,
The fruits of his own hands.

His wife shall, like a clustering vine,
Both fruit and shade afford ;
Like olive plants his children join,
To grace his festive board.

Thus shall the faithful man be blest,
Who fears the Holy One ;
In Zion God will give him rest,
Near to his gracious throne.

The Lord will give him length of days,
Jerusalem's good to see ;
And children's children round him praise
Israel's prosperity.



HUNDRED AND TWENTY-NINTH PSALM.

MANY afflictions I have seen,
Israel may truly say ;
From early youth have troubles been
Scatter'd along my way.

Yet they did not o'er me prevail,
Though 'gainst me they drew near ;
The ploughmen plough'd without avail,
And deep their furrows were.

The righteous Lord did stand by me,
And cut away their cord ;
And may they all confounded be,
Who hate thy Zion, Lord.

Make them as grass devoid of soil,
That withers ere it grows ;
Which ne'er repays the labourer's toil,
Nor sheaves nor fruit bestows.

Neither do those that pass by pray,
" Give them a great reward ;"
Nor strangers as they walk that way,
Bless in thy name, O Lord.

HUNDRED AND THIRTIETH PSALM.

Out of the depths I cried to thee,
O, let thine ears attentive be ;
Hear thou my supplicating voice,
And bid me in thyself rejoice.

If thou shouldst mark our every word,
Who then could stand before thee, Lord ?
But thou forgiveness doth proclaim
To all who fear thy holy name.

My soul doth wait on thee, O Lord,
My hope is in thy gracious word ;
I wait for thee with more delight
Than those who watch the morning light.

Let Israel hope in thee alone,
And boundless mercy shall be shown ;
Redemption plenteous he shall see,
Redeem'd from all iniquity.



HUNDRED AND THIRTY-SECOND PSALM.

REMEMBER David, Lord, with care,
The afflictions under which he bow'd ;
How he unto the Lord did swear,
And to the God of Jacob vow'd.

Within thy courts I will not stand,
My eyes no sweet repose shall see,
Until I find a place at hand,
An habitation, Lord, for thee.

We heard thy tabernacle stood
At Ephratah with special care ;
But lo ! we found it in the wood,
And to the place we did repair.

Thy tabernacle to restore,
There did assembled Israel meet ;
And Jacob's God we will adore,
And bow and worship at his feet.

Arise, O Lord, into thy rest,
Thou and thine ark, without annoy ;
Clothe all thy priests, and make them blest,
And let them shout aloud for joy.

For David's sake, turn not away
The face of thine anointed, Lord ;
Thine oath thou never wilt gainsay,
Nor change thy promised truth and word.

“ Thy fruit shall sit upon thy throne,
If they my covenant regard ;
If they my testimonies own,
The kingdom shall be their reward.”

Zion is chosen, Lord, by thee,
An habitation full of grace
An holy rest, design'd to be
A much desired dwelling place.

All her provision he will bless,
The poor he will with bread supply ;
Will clothe her priests with righteousness,
Her saints shall shout aloud for joy.

Then David's horn shall buds display,
From heav'n shall glorious light come down ;
With shame his foes I will array,
But he shall wear a richer crown.

HUNDRED AND THIRTY-THIRD PSALM.

How pleasant and how good to see
Where brethren dwell in unity ;
Like as the precious ointment spread,
And ran o'er Aaron's beard and head ;
And down his robes, on every place,
Emblems of rich inspiring grace.

As dew on Hermon's flowery hill,
Or Zion's mountain, did distil ;
Pure kindred gems of varied dye,
Which trembling, sparkling, mingling lie :
There doth the Lord his blessings pour,
Even life itself for evermore.

HUNDRED AND THIRTY-FIFTH PSALM.

PRAISE ye the Lord, praise ye his name,
Let all his servants do the same ;
And ye that in his house do stand,
Or in his courts at his right hand.

The Lord is good, and praise his name,
His grace is pleasant to proclaim ;
The Lord chose Jacob as his own,
And Israel his peculiar son.

The Lord is great, and this we know,
Above all other gods below ;
In heaven his mighty works abound,
On earth, and in the deep profound.

He causeth vapours to ascend,
O'er all the earth, from end to end ;
He makes the lightning for the rain,
The winds his treasures do contain.

O'er Egypt God did stretch his hand,
And smote the first-born of the land ;
He sent his wonders there, to show,
That Pharaoh and his hosts might know.

Great nations and their kings he slew,
And all their mighty kingdoms too ;
And gave their lands and pasturage
To Israel for an heritage.

Thy name, O Lord, it shall endure,
Throughout all generations sure ;
The Lord will judge his saints with care,
And with their numerous frailties bear

The heathen idols are but gold,
The work which they themselves unfold ;
They cannot act, they are but dust,
And so are those that in them trust.

O, house of Israel, praise the Lord,
Ye Levites, who declare his word ;
Let Zion her hosannas raise,
And all Jerusalem sing praise.



HUNDRED AND THIRTY-SIXTH
PSALM.

LET us give thanks unto the Lord,
For all the good to us restored ;
Unto the God of gods sing praise,
The Lord of lords all honours raise ;
Eternal thanks to him secure,
Whose mercies ever shall endure.

To him whose wonders do abound,
Whose wisdom spread the heavens around ;
Who stretch'd abroad the fruitful land,
And bid it on the waters stand ;
Songs of immortal thanks insure,
Whose mercies evermore endure.

The mighty God, who placed on high,
Those beauteous orbs t' adorn the sky ;
The sun by day to shed his light,
The moon and stars to rule by night ;
All praises to his name secure,
Whose mercies ever shall endure.

To him who did, through Egypt's bound,
Smite all the first-born to the ground ;
And Israel brought a chosen band,
With an outstretch'd and mighty hand :
He is the holy, just, and pure,
Whose mercies ever shall endure.

To God who bid the seas divide,
And pass'd his Israel o'er the tide ;
But Pharaoh and his host overthrew,
And led his people safely through ;
To him alone all thanks secure,
Whose mercies evermore endure.

Who smote the heathen kings around,
Kings who for greatness were renown'd ;
Sihon the Amorite he slew,
And Og, the king of Bashan, too ;
Praises to him we will secure,
Whose mercies ever shall endure.

Their lands, their meads, and pasturage,
He gave as Israel's heritage ;

And he remember'd our estate
When lowly and disconsolate :
Praises and thanks let us mature,
To him whose mercies shall endure.

Who hath redeem'd and set us free
From every hostile enemy ;
From whom all full supplies are given,
Give thanks unto the God of heaven :
Thy praise, O Lord, we will secure,
Whose mercies evermore endure.



HUNDRED AND THIRTY-SEVENTH PSALM.

'T WAS by the Babylonian stream,
That we sat down ; yea, sat and wept ;
When Zion did more glorious seem, -
And full in our remembrance kept :
Our tuneful harps, now all unstrung,
Were there upon the willows hung.

For those that carried us away,
Captives, to them we did belong ;
They wasted us, and still did say,
Come, sing for us a cheerful song :
How can we, Lord, our songs arrange,
And sing them in a land so strange ?

Jerusalem, thou happy place,
If I do not remember thee,
Let my right hand forget its grace,
My tongue forever silent be :
Jerusalem, thy loved employ,
Shall be my chief and highest joy.

Edom remember, (then employ'd,)
And all his children, in that day ;
When Babylon shall be destroy'd,
Who would have swept our souls away :
As they thy Zion did regard,
Serve unto them the same reward.



HUNDRED AND THIRTY-EIGHTH PSALM.

WITH my whole heart thy praise I sing,
Before all gods I reverence thee ;
My themes of holy worship bring,
And in thy temple bow my knee.

In praises of supreme accord,
Thy loving-kindness I proclaim ;
For thou hast magnified thy word
Above thine all-exalted name.

When in the day I cried to thee,
Thou answered'st me, and strength I found ;
And kings, when they shall hear from me,
With holy praises shall abound.

Yea, they shall sing along the ways,
Bound in affectionate accord ;
For mighty are thy great displays,
And great the glory of the Lord.

The Lord, though high upon his throne,
Respects the meek and lowly mind ;
But afar off the proud are known,
And to deep infamy consign'd.

And though I walk where ills abound,
My soul thou wilt revive and bless ;
Thou shalt stretch forth thine hand around,
The wrath of all my foes suppress.

Perfect whate'er concerneth me,
Thy mercies shall forever stand ;
Neither do thou, where'er I be,
Forsake the work of thine own hand.

HUNDRED AND THIRTY-NINTH
PSALM.

LORD, thou hast search'd me, and hast known
My rising up and sitting down ;
My thoughts, howe'er remote they be,
Are understood, O Lord, by thee.

Thou art acquainted with my way,
The path I take, the place I stay ;
There is not in my tongue one word,
But it is known to thee, O Lord.

On every side, where'er I be,
Thy gracious hand is laid on me ;
Such wondrous knowledge who can gain ?
What mortal can its height attain ?

To what lone spot can I repair,
And not discern thy spirit there ?
Where can I hide myself from thee,
Or whither from thy presence flee ?

If I ascend above the sky,
Thou, Lord, art there, the Great, Most High ;
Or if to hell I should repair,
Behold thy hand of power is there.

Should morning spread its wings for me,
And bear me o'er the stormy sea,
Ev'n there thy hand shall guide my way,
And thy right hand maintain its sway.

When cover'd with the shades of night,
Ev'n there, about me shall be light ;
The darkness hideth not from thee,
And day and night the same shall be.

My reins within thou hast possest,
While yet upon my mother's breast ;
All themes of praise to thee be paid,
For I am wonderfully made.

Thy works all wonders do excel,
And that my soul does know right well ;
My substance was not hid from thee,
When I was made most secretly.

On me, imperfect, thou didst look,
And wrote my members in thy book ;
Ere yet I had received my birth,
Or I had left my native earth.

How precious are thy thoughts to me,
How great the sum of them I see ;
And could I count them, they are more
Than sands which gird the ocean's shore.

When I awake, with thee I'll stay,
Surely the wicked thou wilt slay ;
Ye bloody men, from me refrain,
Who take your Maker's name in vain.

Those wicked men I do despise,
Who hate thee, and against thee rise ;
Sin I detest, where'er it be,
And count it my worst enemy.

Search me, O Lord, and try my heart,
And know my thoughts, and grace impart;
Guard me from every wicked way,
Lead me to everlasting day.

HUNDRED AND FORTY-FIRST PSALM.

LORD, unto thee I cry,
Make haste to answer me;
Unto my feeble voice reply,
Whilst I petition thee:
Like incense let my prayers arise,
Or as the evening sacrifice.

Preserve my mouth from sin,
My lips from speaking guile;
And keep my heart within,
Beneath thy gracious smile:
From sinners and their works retreat,
Nor let me of their dainties eat.

The righteous may reprove,
A kindness it shall be;
An excellent oil shall prove,
In my calamity;
Judges an overthrow shall meet,
Yet shall my words to them be sweet.

Our bones are scatter'd round,
Where opening graves appear ;
Like where the woodman's found,
With all his cleavings near :
I look, I trust, O Lord, in thee,
Leave me not destitute to be.

O, keep me from the snare
Which they have laid for me ;
The gins my foes prepare,
Who work iniquity ;
In their own nets may sinners fall,
But help me to escape them all.



HUNDRED AND FORTY-SECOND PSALM.

LORD, with my voice I cried to thee,
And pour'd forth my complaint ;
My soul was overwhelm'd in me,
Impatient of restraint.

My pathway, Lord, to thee is known,
The way which I repair ;
But privily my foes have thrown
Upon my path a snare.

On my right hand I look'd around,
If help I there could see ;
But none that cared for me I found,
All refuge failed me.

Then to the Lord my soul did say,
My refuge is in thee ;
Long as I with the living stay,
My portion thou shalt be.

My soul is brought exceeding low,
Attend unto my cry ;
Deliver me from every foe,
Who have more strength than I.

O, bring my soul from prison free,
That I may praise thy name ;
Then shall the righteous compass me,
Thy bounteous grace proclaim.



HUNDRED AND FORTY-THIRD PSALM.

ATTEND, O Lord, unto my prayer,
And all my supplications hear ;
Answer me in thy faithfulness,
Regard me with thy righteousness.

If in strict judgment thou decide,
What man can then be justified?
My foes do persecute my soul,
And keep my life in dread control.

I dwell in darkness and in dread,
As those that have been long since dead ;
My spirit is o'erwhelm'd in sin,
And I am desolate within.

I recollect the days now gone,
And muse on works thy hands have done ;
To thee I stretch my hands around,
Whose soul is like a thirsty ground.

Hide not, O Lord, thy face from me,
Lest I shall sink, and fall from thee ;
Let me thy loving-kindness hear,
Soon as the morning shall appear.

In thee I trust from day to day,
Cause me to know thy holy way ;
There let me walk from danger free,
For I lift up my soul to thee.

From all my foes deliver me,
And hide me when to thee I flee ;
Teach me to do thy holy will,
Thou art my God, and with me still.

With thy good spirit make me blest,
Lead me into that land of rest ;
Quicken my soul for thy name sake,
An end of all my trouble make.

Thine utmost mercy, Lord, employ,
When thou my foes shalt all destroy ;
Destroy them that afflict my soul,
For I am under thy control.



HUNDRED AND FORTY-FOURTH PSALM.

THE Lord I'll bless, my strength, my tower,
Who taught my hand defence and war ;
My goodness and my fortress now,
My tower and my deliverer thou.

Long have I trusted, Lord, in thee,
My people thou subdued to me ;
And what is man, whom thou shouldst know,
Or such account on him bestow ?

Man is like vanity ; his day
Like empty shadows pass away ;
O, bow thy heavens, and then come down,
And all the towering mountains crown.

Cast forth thy lightnings to annoy,
Shoot out thine arrows to destroy ;
Reach forth thine hand, deliver me
From the great waters of the sea.

Rid me from strange posterity,
Whose mouths are full of vanity ;
And in whose hands is falsehood found,
In their right hands do lies abound.

Now will I sing a song to thee,
Upon my tuneful psaltery ;
On instruments of sweetest string,
Praises unto the Lord I'll bring.

To kings thou dost salvation give,
And David from the sword relieve ;
From children strange preserve me free,
Who nothing speak but vanity.

Our sons, may they like plants be grown,
Our daughters each a corner stone ;
Our garners full of every store,
Our flocks spread every landscape o'er.

Our labouring oxen strong and stout,
No breaking in, nor going out ;
And no complaining in the street,
Whene'er we move, whene'er we meet.

Happy the souls in such a case,
The people crown'd with every grace;
And heaven does richer joys afford
To those whose Saviour is the Lord.

HUNDRED AND FORTY-FIFTH PSALM.

I WILL extol thee, Lord,
And bless thy holy name;
And every day record
Thine everlasting fame;
The Lord is great, and great his praise,
Unsearchable are all his ways.

Let generations see
Thine acts, how great they are;
Thy glorious majesty,
And all thy works declare
To speak of all thine acts of power,
And all thy greatness, Lord, adore.

Our memory shall record,
And in abundance bless,
The goodness of the Lord,
And sing his righteousness:
Let all thy full compassion know,
Thy mercies kind, thine anger slow.

The Lord is good to all,
Thy mercies all are free ;
And saints both great and small,
Shall bless and honour thee ;
Shall spread the glory of thy name,
Thy kingdom and thy power proclaim.

To all mankind make known,
Thy glorious majesty ;
Thine everlasting throne
Let generations see :
Thy power, O Lord, upholdeth all,
The bowed down, and those that fall.

All eyes do wait on thee,
From thee receive their food ;
Thy bounteous hands are free,
And full of every good ;
And each desire is satisfied,
And every living thing supplied.

Holy and righteous still
Are all thy works and ways ;
Their prayers thou wilt fulfil,
Who truly seek thy grace :
Their full desire thou wilt supply,
Who humbly fear the Lord Most High.

The Lord will hear their cry,
 They shall abundance have ;
 And from his throne on high,
 He will his people save :
 The Lord shall bless his saints with joy,
 But all the wicked will destroy.
 My mouth shall speak his praise,
 His goodness shall proclaim ;
 All flesh shall join, to raise
 A tribute to his name :
 The Lord our God let all adore,
Now, and henceforth, and evermore.

HUNDRED AND FORTY-SIXTH PSALM.

PRAISE ye the Lord, my soul sing praise,
 Long as I live, my voice I'll raise,
 While I my being have ;
 In princes we will put no trust,
 The son of man, he is but dust,—
 These cannot help nor save.
 Man goeth forth, and draws his breath,
 And then returns to earth in death ;
 No ling'ring thoughts remain :
 Happy is he who claims alone
 The God of Jacob as his own,
 Who will his hope sustain.

He made the heavens, the earth, and sea,
And all therein, whate'er they be ;—

His truth eternal stands ;
He forms his judgments for the oppress'd,
With food he makes the hungry bless'd,
And breaks the prisoners' bands.

The Lord restores the blind their sight,
And makes the bowed man upright ;

His love to saints abounds :
Preserves the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless ; —
The wicked he confounds.

The Lord he shall for ever reign,
His vast dominion will maintain,
And endless life afford ;
O Zion, in his praise combine,
With all earth's generations join,
In praises to the Lord.

HUNDRED AND FORTY-SEVENTH PSALM.

PRAISE ye the Lord, 't is good to sing,
'T is comely to adore his grace ;
He built Jerusalem, and doth bring
His scatter'd Israel to his place.

The broken hearts are kindly bound ;
He healeth every opening wound.

He numbereth all the stars that shine,
Gives each revolving sphere its name ;
Great is the Lord, of power divine,
Whose wisdom changeless is the same.
The meek he lifteth to his throne,
He casteth all the wicked down.

Thanks to the Lord who rules on high,
His praise upon the harp sustain ;
His cloud doth cover all the sky,
And for the earth prepares his rain.
The mountain grass the beasts supply,
He feeds the ravens when they cry.

Not in the horse is his delight,
The active limbs no pleasure give,
But those who serve him day and night,
And in his mercy hope and live.
Jerusalem shall praise the Lord,
And Zion praises shall afford.

For he hath strengthen'd all the gates,
And bless'd thy children born in thee ;
Peace now in all thy borders waits,
The finest wheat as gifts shall be.
He sends his great commandment forth,
His word runs swiftly through the earth.

He giveth flakes of snow like wool,
His frost is scatter'd everywhere ;
His ice in morsels fills each pool,
And who his piercing cold can bear ?
He sends his word with melting glow,
The winds arise, the waters flow.

His word he did to Jacob show,
His statutes Israel hath seen ;
He hath not dealt with others so,
No nation has thus favour'd been.
His judgments they have never known ;
Therefore let Israel praise alone.

HUNDRED AND FORTY-EIGHTH PSALM.

PRAISE ye the Lord, let heaven sing praise,
And in the heights new anthems raise ;
Ye heavenly hosts and angels, sing,
Sun, moon, and stars, your tribute bring.

Praise him, ye heaven of heavens above,
The waters that around do move ;
Let them exalt his holy name,
For they at his commandment came.

He 'stablish'd them for evermore,
And his decree they pass not o'er ;
Praise him from earth where dragons keep,
And all the caverns of the deep.

Let vapour, snow, and hail, and fire,
And stormy winds, in praise conspire ;
Mountains and hills, and fruitful trees,
And cedars waving to the breeze.

The beasts and grazing cattle there,
And creeping things, and fowls of air ;
Let kings and people join the mirth,
Princes and judges of the earth.

Young men and maidens, youths and sires,
Shall then awake their tuneful lyres ;
To him all excellence be given,
His glory is o'er earth and heaven.

His people he shall also raise,
Of all his saints shall be the praise ;
Israel to him a people near,
Their praises to the Lord shall bear.

HUNDRED AND FORTY-NINTH PSALM.

PRAISE ye the Lord, my soul, sing praise,
A new and joyful anthem raise ;
And where assembled saints appear,
Sing hymns of sweetest praises there.

Let Israel in the Lord rejoice,
And to his Maker lift his voice ;
May Zion's sons, who love his word,
Be joyful in their King and Lord.

Praise ye the Lord, his holy name
Is, was, and shall remain the same ;
With timbrel and with harp, advance
His praise amidst the sacred dance.

The Lord takes pleasure in his saints,
His ear attends to their complaints ;
He doth the meek and lowly bless,
And beautify with holiness.

When he in glory is array'd,
Let all the saints in him be glad ;
And when in calm repose they lie,
Let praise ascend to the Most High.

For saints themselves shall judge the world,
When orbs are from their circles hurl'd ;
This honour shall they all obtain,
Who faithful to the end remain.

HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH PSALM.

PRAISE ye the Lord, his goodness bless,
Within his courts of righteousness ;
And in his firmament of power,
His great and mighty acts adore.

To him alone new anthems raise,
His excellence of greatness praise ;
In praise let joyful trumpets sound,
With harp and psaltery profound.

His praise, with timbrel and with dance,
And stringed instruments, advance ;
Organs and cymbals sounding high,
Extend his praises to the sky.

Let every moving, breathing thing,
Some joyful hymn of tribute bring ;
Let earth and heaven, with one accord,
Sing holy praises to thee, Lord.

ISAIAH.

ISAIAH, ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

A ROD from Jesse's stem shall grow,
A branch shall from his root arise ;
The spirit shall his soul overflow,
True wisdom he shall exercise :
Counsel and might attend his word,
The fear and spirit of the Lord.

He righteously shall judge the poor,
With equity the meek reprove ;
His judgments on the earth will pour,
The wicked by his breath remove ;
While holiness his loins sustains,
And faithfulness shall gird his reins.

The wolf shall with the lamb abide,
The leopard with the kid be found ;
The calf and lion side by side,
And a young child shall lead them round :
The cow and bear together meet,
The lions, straw like oxen eat.

The sucking child shall fearless play
O'er asps conceal'd within the fen ;
The weaned child his hands shall lay
Upon the cockatrice's den :
No harm in all my mountains found,
And earth with knowledge shall abound.

ISAIAH, TWENTY-FIFTH CHAPTER.

THIS is our God most High,
For whom we have waited long ;
He rules above the sky,
The cherub hosts among :
And gladly join'd in heart and voice,
In his salvation we rejoice.

Him we exulting praise,
Whose counsels are of old ;
Glorious in all his ways,
His wonders we behold:
Exhaustless source of perfect bliss,
The God of truth and faithfulness.

A people great and strong,
From their defenced abode ;
With full harmonious song,
Shall glorify our God :
The separating walls shall bow,
And distant tribes their Lord shall know.

His strength alone sustains
The needy in distress ;
Their refuge firm remains,
Where storms conflicting press :
His outspread shadowing cloud is made,
In summer's sultry heat, a shade.

Where plays the mountain breeze,
God doth a feast prepare,
Of wine upon the lees,
And things refined and rare .
Where, hearkening to the Almighty's call,
Assembled meet the nations all.

God doth the veil remove
O'er all the nations spread ;
And from the realms above
Are light and glory shed :
From clime to clime extends his sway,
And takes his saints' reproach away.

To worlds unseen do we
Extend a blissful hope ;
Where death in victory
Shall soon be swallow'd up :
Nor place, nor minds, nor forms, decay,
And God will wipe all tears away.

In that auspicious day,
Exalted on his throne,
The ransom'd all shall say,
"This is our God alone:"
And those who waited, Lord, for thee,
With joy shall thy salvation see.

ISAIAH, THIRTY-FIFTH CHAPTER.

IN that auspicious, glorious day,
The barren wilderness shall bloom ;
The solitary place and way
Shall yield a fragrant, rich perfume :
The desert shall new songs compose,
And blossom as the opening rose.

With great rejoicing they shall sing,
And blossom most abundantly ;
Ev'n Lebanon shall glory bring,
And Carmel its excellency :
Then the weak hands shall strengthen'd be,
And well confirm'd the feeble knee.

Courage let fearful hearts assume,
And every fear be banish'd hence ;
God will for you in vengeance come,
Our God will come with recompense :
He comes to save you by his word,
Your high, your great redeeming Lord.

The blinded eyes new light shall see,
And as a hart the lame shall bound ;
The deafen'd ears unstopp'd shall be,
The dumb shall sweetest praises sound :
Waters shall o'er the forests lie,
And streams the deserts shall supply.

Pools shall o'erflow the parched ground,
And springs the thirsty lands shall cheer ;
And where fierce dragons did abound,
Shall rushes, reeds, and herbs appear :
The Lord shall, in that glorious day,
Open to all a great high way.

And a high way it shall be there,
A course of perfect holiness ;
Nothing unclean shall then impair
The heavenly path of righteousness :
Wayfaring men, those freed from sin,
Though fools, they shall not err therein.

No lion shall infest this ground,
Nor ravenous beast shall go thereon ;
There no annoyance shall be found,
But the redeem'd shall walk alone :
Sweet songs shall their glad tongues employ,
And nothing shall molest their joy.

Then shall the ransom'd of the Lord
To Zion all return again ;
And sing new songs with sweet accord,
And everlasting bliss obtain :
Gladness and joy shall ne'er decay,
And sighs and sorrows flee away.

ISAIAH, FORTIETH CHAPTER.

COMFORT my people, saith the Lord,
Speak to Jerusalem cheerfully ;
Say that her peace is now restored,
And pardon'd her iniquity.
From all thy sins he sets thee free,
And renders double unto thee.

The voice of him that cries " prepare,"
Hear in the wilderness its sound ;
Make straight your paths, for God is near,
For him let an high way be found :
Each valley shall exalted be,
Mountains and hills shall bow to thee.

The crooked then shall straighten'd be,
The rough made plain, the rocks conceal'd ;
All flesh together then shall see
The glory of the Lord reveal'd :

The mouth of God doth this proclaim,
Whose word is changeless as his name.

The voice said, "Cry;"—what shall I cry?

All flesh is grass, or like a flower;
The withering grass shall fall and die,
The blossoms fade, to bloom no more;
But God's eternal word is sure,
And shall eternally endure.

O Zion, that good tidings brings,
Get thee into the mountain high;
Jerusalem, who rapturous sings,
Thy voice with strength lift to the sky:
Say to the cities all abroad,
Behold your great, eternal Lord!

He comes, the strong, the mighty Lord,
His arm o'er all obtains the sway;
Behold with him his great reward,
His mighty works before him lay:
His numerous flocks are kindly fed,
The lambs are in his bosom laid.

O'er verdant hills he tends his care,
And through the vales and flowery meads;
The feeble his attentions share,
And those with young he gently leads.
And should devouring wolves appear,
Our all-protecting Shepherd's near.

ISAIAH, FIFTY-SECOND CHAPTER.

ZION, put on thy strength, awake,
Put all thy beauteous garments on ;
Jerusalem, salvation take,
Thou city of the Holy One !

In thee, henceforth, no more are seen
The uncircumcised and the unclean.

Shake thee, and from the dust arise,
Jerusalem, unloose thy cord ;
O captive daughter, lift thine eyes,
See thy Redeemer and thy Lord !
And as ye were for nothing sold,
Ye are redeem'd, but not with gold.

Thus saith the Lord, the mighty God,
Israel to Egypt did repair ;
On him the vile Assyrian trod,
While he was a sojourner there ;
And without cause he was oppress'd,
Till God appear'd to give him rest.

And, therefore, what doth now appear ?
My folds are scatter'd far away !
Rulers oppress them everywhere,
My name's blasphemed every day :
Yet shall my people know my name,
For I the Lord will this proclaim.

How beauteous, on the mountain's brow,
Their feet, who joyful tidings bring ;
That peace to every nation show,
And tidings of great goodness sing !
Salvation their glad voice sustains,
Who say, Thy God, O Zion, reigns.

Thy watchmen shall lift up their voice,
Together sing in sweet accord,
And eye to eye they shall rejoice,
When Zion is again restored.
Ye wastes, your richest songs employ ;
Jerusalem, break forth in joy !

The Lord hath comforted his saints,
Jerusalem he doth restore ;
His arm is fearless of restraints ;
All nations shall our God adore :
Till earth, where'er by mortals trod,
See the salvation of our God.

Depart, and go ye out from thence ;
Let nought unclean your touch impair ;
Go from the midst of her,—go hence,
Ye that do holy vessels bear :
But go ye not with haste or flight,
For Israel's God will be your might.

With prudence shall my servant deal ;
Exalted and extoll'd is he ;

His origin he will reveal,
And many shall astonish'd be ;
More marr'd his visage, form, and face,
Than all the sons of Adam's race.

By him the nations sprinkled are,
Before him kings their mouths shall close ;
Things not yet told them shall appear,
And those not heard, shall break repose.
He comes, and full of truth and grace,
The Saviour of the human race.



ISAIAH, FIFTY-THIRD CHAPTER.

FOR who hath our report believed ?
To whom hath God his arm reveal'd ?
He shall grow up, and well received,
A tender plant upon the field ;
Or as a root in parched ground,
No form, no comeliness is found.

When we his sacred form shall view,
His beauty we shall not desire :
Despised and much neglected too,
While sorrows round his soul conspire :
And though acquainted with our grief,
Yet we withheld from him relief.

From him we did our faces hide,
And when despised, esteem'd him not ;
Surely he bare our griefs beside,
And sorrows, but they were forgot.
We thought him stricken by the rod,
Afflicted by the scourge of God.

But he was wounded for our sin,
Was bruised for our iniquity ;
And for our peace chastised within,
His stripes heal'd our impurity :
When all like sheep had gone astray,
And turn'd each one to his own way.

The Lord upon his soul hath placed
The iniquity of us all ;
Oppress'd, afflicted, and disgraced,
Yet from his mouth no murmurings fall ;
Like lambs that to the slaughter come,
Or sheep, before their shearers dumb.

From prison and from judgment borne,
Who his succession shall declare ?
From living men cast off forlorn,
Our sins he doth with suffering bear.
His grave with wicked men is found,
And rich men place him in the ground.

For he no violence had done,
Nor was there in his mouth deceit;
Yet did it please the Lord alone,
That grief and sorrow he should meet;
When thou shalt make his soul within,
An offering for a world of sin.

Then shall he see his rising seed;
He also shall prolong his days;
The pleasure of the Lord indeed,
Shall prosper in his hands and ways;
The travail of his soul shall see,
And fully satisfied shall be.

And by his gracious knowledge here,
Shall many souls be justified;
For he will their transgressions bear,
And all their iniquities hide.
His name shall with the great belong,
And share his triumphs with the strong.

Because he gave his soul to death,
And with condemn'd transgressors bleeds;
Our sins he bow'd himself beneath,
With pain, which every pain exceeds.
On him the sins of all were laid;
For all, he intercession made.

ISAIAH, FIFTY-FOURTH CHAPTER.

THOU barren, sing, who didst not bear,
Break forth in songs of sweet accord ;
For more the desolate shall share,
Than do the married, saith the Lord :
Enlarge thy tent, new boundaries make,
Lengthen thy cords, make strong each stake.

Thou shalt break forth on every hand,
Thy seed the Gentiles shall subdue ;
Thou shalt inherit all their land,
Their cities desolate pass through :
Thither thy offspring shall repair,
And build them habitations there.

Fear not, nor be confounded thou,
Put far away from thee all shame ;
Forget the shame thou once didst know,
And the reproaches to thy name :
When God his pleasure shall restore,
A widow thou shalt be no more.

Thy Maker shall thy husband be,
The Lord, the Lord of hosts his name ;
The holy One of Israel he,
Thou art thy great Redeemer's claim :
The God of the whole earth abroad,
Heaven's great supreme, eternal Lord.

The Lord himself hath call'd for thee,
Forsaken, and in spirit grieved ;
In thee a wife of youth didst see,
Refused, rejected, and bereaved :
And thou whom I forsook before,
With mercy I will now restore.

In anger I conceal'd my face,
And for a moment hid from thee ;
With kind and everlasting grace,
I will thy great Redeemer be :
As Noah's watery flood is o'er,
So I will be displeas'd no more.

Mountains may separate and flee,
And the surrounding hills remove ;
Yet I will not depart from thee,
Neither withhold my kindest love :
My covenant shall be restored,
My peace and mercy, saith the Lord.

O, thou afflicted, tempest-torn,
And none to comfort thee is found ;
With beauteous stones I will adorn,
And lay with sapphires all thy ground :
Agates thy windows shall supply,
Gems shall in all thy borders lie.

God shall thy children teach and bless,
And great indeed shall be their peace ;
Establish'd firm in righteousness,
And all oppression then shall cease :
Neither shall they indulge a fear,
And terror, it shall not come near,

Many may gather against thee,
But they shall surely prostrate fall ;
As they assembled not by me,
Therefore they shall not thee enthrall :
Their workmen are in my employ,
Their instruments I will destroy.

No weapon form'd shall prosperous be,
No tongue successfully shall rise ;
No condemnation thou shalt see,
Nor judgment even in disguise :
To saints this shall be their reward,
Whose righteousness is of the Lord.



ISAIAH, FIFTY-FIFTH CHAPTER.

YE thirsty souls, draw near,
Come where the fountains rise ;
Around heaven's plenteous board appear,
Eat, drink, without a price.

Why do ye money spend
For that which is not bread ?
Your toils and labours why extend,
And still remain unfed ?

Come, hearken unto me,
Partake of what is good ;
And let your souls delighted be,
And satisfied with food. .

Incline and come to me,
Hear, and your souls shall live :
My never-changing covenant see,
And mercies which I give.

Even David's mercies sure,
Which once to him were given,
Through him as witness, I assure
A passport safe to heaven.

And nations thou knew not,
And those who knew not thee,
They shall not always be forgot,
But run thy joys to see.

Because of thy great Lord,
Israel's *Holy One* is he ;
The mighty God by all adored,
Who glorified thee.

Seek ye the Lord while here,
Or when he may be found ;
And call upon him while he 's near,
In humble prayers abound.

Let sinners leave their way,
Th' unrighteous man his thought ;
And turn unto the Lord this day,
While grace can yet be sought.

God will his mercies give,
Pardon and goodness show ;
The Lord, in whom we move and live,
Will plenteous grace bestow.

Far, far his thoughts ascend
Above our feeble mind ;
His ways abundantly transcend,
All human powers combined.

As heaven and all the sky
Exceeds where now we dwell ;
So do the ways of the Most High,
Our utmost thoughts excel.

As rain and snow descend,
And ne'er return again ;
But makes the fruitful buds extend
With fruits and plenteous grain.

Thus shall succeed my word,
That goeth forth from me ;
It shall the labourer's toil reward,
And yield abundantly.

It shall accomplish well
The things which I shall please ;
Shall prosper fully, and excel
With an enlarged increase.

Ye shall go out with joy,
Shall be led forth with peace ;
Mountains and hills their songs employ,
And gladness waves the trees.

The groves shall all rejoice,
And deserts clap their hands ;
The fields lift up their cheerful voice,
And triumph all the lands.

Instead of prickly thorn,
The fir-tree shall be found ;
And where the brier was seen forlorn,
Do myrtle-trees abound.

This is to God a name,
An everlasting sign ;
And changeless it shall be the same,
While suns and spheres shall shine.

ISAIAH, FIFTY-EIGHTH CHAPTER.

ZION, lift up thy trumpet sound,
My people their transgressions show;
Spare not, but let thy voice rebound,
Let Jacob his offences know.
They seek me daily, and profess,
Like those who love my righteousness.

My institutions they desire,
And with delight approached me:
Why have we fasted? they inquire,
And thou didst not our service see?
Why, Lord, are we afflicted thus,
And thou hast no delight in us?

Ye in your fasts your pleasures find,
Exact your accustom'd toil;
In strife and fierce debates combined,
And wickedness your hands embroil;
Ye smite, and voices loud display,
As ye observe this present day.

Is this the fast that I approve,
In which a man afflicts his soul?
Bow'd like a bulrush, or to move
Beneath the sackcloth's dread control?
Is this a fast, in deed and word?
A day accepted of the Lord?

Unloose the bands of wickedness,
Undo the heavy burdens all ;
All the oppress'd with freedom bless,
Break off the yoke which these enthrall ;
Your bread unto the hungry deal,
And let the poor your bounties feel.

When thou the hungry poor shalt feed,
A garment o'er the naked spread,
And be to them a friend indeed,
And let them to thy house be led :
Then shall thy light upon thee rise,
More beauteous than the morning skies.

Thy health shall spring forth speedily,
And righteousness shall lead the way ;
The glory of the Lord round thee
Shall shed its bright and purest ray.
Then shalt thou call to the Most High,
And he will answer, " Here am I."

If thou the oppressive yoke shalt move,
From pride and vanity refrain,
Thy kindness to the hungry prove,
The afflicted soul with care sustain ;
Then shall thy night be changed to day,
Thy darkness to the noontide ray.

The Lord shall be a guide to thee,
Thy soul in drought shall satisfy ;
With fat, thy bones shall cover'd be,
Like gardens which the streams supply,
Or springs whose waters never fail ;
At which the thirsty shall regale.

The old foundations thou shalt rear,
The ancient wastes shall be no more ;
Thou shalt indeed the breach repair,
The paths to dwell in shalt restore ;
If thou thy foot wilt turn away,
From pleasure on my holy day.

If thou shalt call it a delight,
The Holy of the Lord regard,
And honour him both day and night,
And every evil way discard ;
Nor thine own pleasures seek to find,
And in thy words be true and kind ;

In God shalt thou delight indeed,
On earth's high places thou shalt ride.
And on that heritage shalt feed,
God for thy fathers did provide ;
And this shall be confirm'd to thee,
By him who fills immensity.

ISAIAH, SIXTIETH CHAPTER.

ZION, arise ! thy light is come ;
Behold the glory of the Lord !
Though earth itself may dark become,
And grossly dark the tribes abroad ;
The Lord shall o'er thy lands arise,
With all the grandeur of the skies.

Gentiles shall come unto thy light,
Kings to thy rising shall draw near ;
Lift up thine eyes, extend thy sight,
See them assembling everywhere :
Thy sons from far shall gather'd be,
Thy daughters shall be nursed by thee.

Like streams together they shall flow,
And all thy bounds will God enlarge ;
Gentiles shall their Redeemer know,
And seas their treasures shall discharge ;
Beasts, gold, and incense, they shall bring,
And praises to the Lord shall sing.

All Kedar's flocks shall gather'd be,
Their sheep shall on thine altars lie ;
Their folds shall minister to thee,
When God his house shall glorify :
And who are those like clouds that fly,
Or doves, that on the wing pass by ?

ISAIAH, SIXTY-FIRST CHAPTER.

THE Spirit of the Lord doth rest
An heavenly flame within my breast ;
To preach good tidings to the meek,
And all the broken-hearted seek ;
To give the captives liberty,
And loose, and set the prisoners free.

The year acceptable proclaim,
The day of vengeance also name ;
To comfort all that humbly mourn,
With beauty every soul adorn ;
With sweet anointing oil to bless,
And praise exchange for heaviness.

Israel shall his own bounds possess,
Call'd as the trees of righteousness ;
The planting of the Lord Most High,
The Lord alone to glorify ;
The old waste places to repair,
And former desolations rear.

Strangers shall stand your flocks to feed,
Aliens shall plough and sow your seed ;
Ye shall the priests of God be call'd,
His holy ministers enstall'd ;
The Gentiles' riches ye shall eat,
And in their glory stand complete.

ISAIAH, SIXTY-SECOND CHAPTER.

FOR Zion's sake I will not rest,
Nor will I even hold my peace,
Until Jerusalem be blest,
And all her toils and conflicts cease ;
Till righteousness all souls inspire,
And her salvation burns like fire.

Gentiles thy righteousness shall claim,
And all the kings thy glory see ;
Thou shalt be call'd by a new name,
The Lord himself shall give to thee ;
Thou art his crown and glorious gem,
His new and royal diadem.

Forsaken thou shalt be no more,
Nor shall thy land be desolate ;
God shall his full delights restore,
Beulah shall be thy happy state :
The Lord shall then delight o'er thee,
And thou to him shalt married be.

As youths to virgins are allied,
Thou and thy sons shall join as one ;
And as the bridegroom loves his bride,
God will rejoice o'er thee alone :
On all thy walls shall watchmen stay,
That keep not silence night nor day.

Ye that make mention of the Lord,
Give him no rest, your voices raise,
Till he establish by his word,
And make Jerusalem a praise :
To all earth's wide-extended bound,
Let praise reverberating sound.

The Lord hath sworn by his right hand,
And by his strength and mighty arm ;
Thy foes no more shall spoil thy land,
Neither shall strangers do thee harm :
Thyself, and those thou shalt employ,
Together shall your fruits enjoy.

They who have labour'd much, shall eat,
And those who gather'd, praise the Lord ;
Together in thy courts they meet,
And there enjoy their blest reward :
Go through the gates, a way prepare,
A standard for the people rear.

The Lord shall o'er the world proclaim,
To Zion is salvation near ;
My great reward is still the same,
My work before me shall appear :
Thou art sought out, an holy seed,
Redeem'd of God, and saved indeed.

HABAKKUK, THIRD CHAPTER

I HEARD with awe thy speech, O Lord,
And trembled greatly with thy fear ;
Revive thy gracious work abroad,
O let thy mercy now appear :
Our varied years with goodness crown,
In wrath make all thy mercies known.

God from the brow of Teman came,
The Holy One from Paran's height ;
His glory all the heavens inflame,
Earth gazed transported at the sight :
His light with glorious brightness shone,
His hand contain'd a power unknown.

The pestilence before him flew,
And fierce and burning coals of fire ;
His measure o'er the earth he drew,
Nations were sunder'd by his ire :
The everlasting mountains fled,
Each hill perpetual bow'd its head.

Cushan in deep affliction lay,
And fearful Midian trembling stands ;
The rivers at thy bidding stay,
The seas obey thy high commands :
When thou didst drive thy steeds afar,
Salvation was thy flaming car.

Thy bow was from its case relieved,
As all thine oaths to us appear ;
With rivers earth's vast bounds were cleaved,
Mountains did shake thy voice to hear :
The overflowing deep pass'd by,
Seas raised their deafening roar on high.

The sun and moon in bright attire,
Did motionless in heaven appear ;
Until thine arrows flew like fire,
And they beheld thy glittering spear :
Indignant thou marched o'er the lands,
And thresh'd in wrath the heathen bands.

For our salvation thou art found,
Which thine anointed all shall share ;
The heads of wickedness didst wound,
And laid their false foundations bare :
Thy stroke their villages pass'd o'er,
Their princes fell to rise no more.

They came like winds to scatter me,
Pleased if the poor they could devour ;
But thou pass'd through the raging sea,
And the heap'd waters saw thy power :
My bones stood trembling at the noise,
My lips they quiver'd at thy voice.

Although the fig-trees bloom no more,
The vines shall fail their fruits to yield ;
The olive-trees no oil shall pour,
No meat is gather'd from the field :
Flocks from the vales shall disappear,
The stalls no lowing herd do rear :

Yet in the Lord will I rejoice,
The God of my salvation bless ;
To him my strength I 'll lift my voice,
My Lord, my God, and righteousness :
My feet shall like the hinds be made,
On my high places I shall tread.

MATTHEW, FIFTH CHAPTER.

How bless'd the poor in spirit are,
For whom the Almighty doth prepare
A kingdom ne'er to move :
And happy are the souls that mourn,
They never shall be left forlorn,
But comforted with love.

Happy the meek, (how vast their worth,)
For they alone inherit earth,
On God do they rely :
'The hungry souls the Lord shall bless,
And those that thirst for righteousness,
Obtain a full supply.

Mercy to all its sons is free,
The pure in heart their God shall see,
 And dwell before his throne :
The fond of peace have their reward,
Are call'd the children of the Lord,
 And worship him alone.

The Lord himself those souls will bless,
Who suffer for his righteousness ;
 They shall his kingdom see :
Though wicked men revile their name,
And cast on them disgrace and shame,
 Heaven shall their portion be.

Rejoice, for this to you is given,
For great is your reward in heaven,
 Where all your fathers are :
The prophets, who endured the cross,
Who counted earthly things but dross,
 The crown of life to share.

FIRST CORINTHIANS, THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

WHAT though that gift to me belongs,
To speak with men and angels' tongues ?
Yet I am like some empty sound,
When no true charity is found.

What though I have all prophecies,
And understand all mysteries ;
And faith the mountains to remove,
I nothing am devoid of love.

Though to the poor my goods bestow,
And to the flames my body throw ;
Yet this will never profit me,
If I possess not charity.

Love suffereth long, is also kind,
It envieth not, nor vaunts the mind ;
And no unseemly acts betrays,
And never seeketh her own praise.

Is not provoked easily,
From every evil thought is free ;
It never does rejoice o'er sin,
But for the truth is pleased within.

It bears, believes, hopes, and endures,
And out of all things some secures ;
Whatever may, or not prevail,
True charity can never fail.

Predictions fail, and tongues decay,
And knowledge vanishes away ;
Only in part we act and see,
Till all things shall more perfect be.

When young, I understood as young,
And thought, and spake, with child-like tongue ;
'To manhood when I did attain,
From childish things I did refrain.

Now through a glass we darkly see,
Then face to face we all shall be ;
Here things in part are only shown,
Then shall I know as I am known.

And now abide these graces three,
Faith, hope, and perfect charity ;
On earth, or in the realms above,
The greatest of these three is love.

THE
GOD OF ISRAEL.

HAIL! Jacob's God, and sovereign Lord,
Who form'd creation by his word ;
Who spread illimitable space,
And gave the orbs and spheres their place.
His powerful word gave nature birth,
And fill'd the sea and raised the earth,
And bade all moving things prepare,
And build them habitations there.

He offer'd Abraham and his race,
Peculiar promises and grace ;
And bless'd and bade them multiply,
Like stars unnumber'd in the sky.
Th' Eternal God, the Holy One !
Claim'd Israel as his first-born son ;
And heaven its bounties did prepare,
To furnish all his tribes a share.

The patriarch on the pillow'd stone,
Reposing lay, but not alone ;
His God was there ; the same is mine,
With all the attendant hosts divine.
The verdant grove in which he bow'd,
Was fill'd with glory and with God ;
And he pronounced that blissful state,
"The house of God and heaven's gate."

Look up, my soul, the Lord is here,
He comes thy hope of heaven to cheer ;
Thy love to warm, thy wounds to heal,
And all his kindness to reveal.
He comes his goodness to display,
And wash and cleanse thy sins away ;
Thy passions and thy powers to bless
With all the charms of holiness.

'Tis Israel's God, the King of kings,
Whose hands are fill'd with precious things ;

And these he doth delight to spread
Within thy heart and round thy head.
He comes his promise to fulfil,
To keep thee safe from every ill ;
His love and power, whate'er prevail,
To thee shall never, never fail.

He bids the high, angelic band,
About thy habitation stand ;
And with a kind attentive eye,
Preserves thee when the foe is nigh.
Near thee those heavenly courtiers are,
When thou art call'd the cross to bear ;
Regardful of the softest sigh,
Or silent tear that fills the eye.

When night's dark pall o'er earth is spread,
And thou art slumbering on thy bed,
God doth thy wearied eyelids close,
And gives thee calm and sweet repose.
Thy daily wants he doth supply
From his exhaustless store on high ;
And with a liberal hand, doth give
Those gifts on which his people live.

Praise him, my soul, whose hand bestows
The blessings which thy cup o'erflows ;
His goodness doth profusely spread
Thy table o'er with living bread.

But O! that gift of all the rest,
The greatest, brightest, and the best ;
A Saviour to the world bestow'd,
To show the wond'rous love of God.

He that was rich, forsook his throne,
That for our sins he might atone ;
And died for all who died for me,
Upon the cross on Calvary.
And now behold from Calvary's top,
The path to glory lighted up ;
A heavenly beam illumines the way
That leads to everlasting day.

The Spirit issues from the throne,
From God the Great and Holy One ;
And lo! it comes mankind to bless,
With pardoning love and holiness.
Behold! the influence of his love,
Descending from the courts above ;
Its holy, pure, and kindling fire,
All souls illumine, all hearts inspire.

It comes the gloom of night to cheer,
To make the rising day more clear ;
Mankind to endless life restore,
That they may live and die no more.
It comes with all the love of God,
To shed in faithful souls abroad ;

To cleanse them from their guilt and sin,
And purify their powers within.

It grants the prisoners liberty,
And bids the oppress'd and bound go free ;
The blind restores, the dumb relieves,
And soundness to the wounded gives ;
It shows an high and holy way,
Leading to realms of endless day ;
Where all the ransom'd tribes repair,
And raise their songs of triumph there.

The spirit of Eternal Power
Aids us the Saviour to adore ;
Confirms our faith, our hope improves,
And every anxious fear removes.
Its influence, when profusely given,
Makes earth a miniature of heaven ;
And souls are made the blest abode
Of glory, and the Eternal God.

It well matures each gift and grace,
And cheers each circumstance and place ;
It soothes our grief when ills annoy,
With pure delight and perfect joy.
Happy the soul which, day by day,
Enjoys the Spirit's full display ;
The rich and free effusion given,
Fresh from the open'd courts of heaven.

Happy indeed that favour'd breast,
Which is by inspiration blest ;
That feels the power of perfect love
All fear and dread of death remove ;
That peaceful heart that knows most clear,
The spirit bearing witness there ;
The sacred pledge and earnest given,
Of its inheritance in heaven.

Cheer up, my soul, dispel thy fear,
See thy redemption drawing near ;
Time's trembling sands will soon be run,
And all thy toils forever done ;
See Heaven's bright mansions now appear,
The blood-wash'd hosts assembled there ;
Abraham and all his sons are found,
With pure celestial glory crown'd.

And see what crowded myriads stand,
Waving to thee a welcome hand ;
Their anthems and their gestures say,
Brother, arise, and come away ;
Ah ! Lord, how readily would I
Join those blest armies of the sky ;
Tuning my minstrelsy, to raise
Sweet hymns of holy, heavenly praise.

Kindles my soul in view of this,
An entrance to immortal bliss ;

My heart inhales a sacred fire,
That none but Jesus could inspire ;
Jesus, to thee all praise I 'll give,
For thee alone I love to live ;
And while upon the earth I move,
It is enough to feel thy love.

Assured of this, if thou love me,
Thy brightest glory I shall see ;
Nor life, nor death, nor time, nor space,
Shall separate me from that place,
Then patiently will I stand still,
And see thy purposes fulfil ;
And O, my Lord, preserve me blest,
Till call'd to my eternal rest.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

God as our Father we proclaim,
The heavens are thine abode ;
All hallow'd be thy holy name,
Thou gracious, kind, and good.

Thy kingdom, as the noonday sun,
Wide o'er the world be given ;
Thy will in all the earth be done,
As it is done in heaven.

And while permitted here to live,
Our daily bread bestow ;
And all our trespasses forgive,
As we forgiveness show.

Lead us not into trials, which
Thy servants cannot bear ;
But send delivering grace to each,
As evils do appear.

Thine is the kingdom full of love,
And joy, and righteousness ;
And thine the power which, from above,
Brings everlasting bliss.

Thine shall the glory also be,
While endless years endure ;
And we will sing sweet hymns to thee,
Both now and evermore.

HYMN.

GREAT eternal Deity,
Shed, O shed thy light on me ;
Banish all the clouds of sin,
Bring thy heavenly kingdom in.

All thy glorious graces bind,
Like a breast-plate, on my mind ;
Seal me for the courts above,
With thy signature of love

With the beauties of thy grace,
Make my soul thy dwelling place ;
All my thoughts and powers inspire,
With the pure celestial fire.

Nothing I desire to know,
While an exile here below,
But the purest love of God,
Shed within my heart abroad.

From the least remains of sin,
Cleanse, and then preserve me clean ;
Let that perfect mould be given,
Suited to the courts of heaven.

Full communion let me share,
With thy saints their crosses bear ;
In thy light supremely shine,
Holy, heavenly, and divine.

Deep within my heart and mind,
Let the *graces* be enshrined ;
Unbelief and fear remove,
With thy brightness from above.

As the magnet of my soul,
Let thy love have full control ;
Bow my will, and let it be
Given entirely up to thee.

More and more may love increase,
With the mildest beams of peace ;
With the sweetest charity,
Patience and humility.

Give that faith that mounts on high,
And a cloudless single eye ;
With a hope improved by love,
Anchor'd in the courts above.

Where, in realms of endless joy,
All my powers shall find employ ;
Praising, with the heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

MARRIAGE OF CANA IN GALILEE.

THE Lord a marriage feast did grace,
In ancient Galilee ;
His gracious presence filled the place,
With heavenly majesty.

The company seemed unapprized
Who mingled as a guest ;
Till he with goodness undisguised,
The festival had blest.

The wine had failed, the festive band
Its pleasures were denied ;
When Jesus bid them vessels stand,
With water well supplied.

Six pots, three firkins each, of stone,
Were thus prepared for him ;
And every vessel stood alone,
Full flowing to the brim.

He spake : the conscious water heard,
And, awed by power divine,
Obey'd with reverence its Lord,
And changed itself to wine.

Then to the ruler of the feast,
The beverage straight they bear ;
And he, the new-made wine did taste,
And thus he did declare.

“Bridegrooms at first do give the best,
Till all the good is past ;
But thou hast kept to give each guest,
The better wine at last.”

This first of miracles the Lord
In Cana did display ;
And shed his glory thence abroad,
On his illustrious way



BREAKING OF FIVE LOAVES AND TWO FISHES.

THE Lord did his disciples call,
And gave to each the bread ;
And on the grass he seated all,
And bid them there be fed.

With five small loaves his hands supply,
Five thousand gathered round ;
And two small fishes placed thereby,
Caused plenty to abound.

All eat, were filled, and satisfied,
And still there did remain ;
Twelve flowing baskets full beside
Of fragments they obtain.

Thus hungry multitudes, the Lord,
Doth sumptuously feed ;
They also feast upon his word,
And filled they are indeed.

And millions more, the Lord again,
Upon the green sward spread ;
Or in the shady groves remain,
Shall on his word be fed.



BETHESDA'S POOL.

NEAR to Bethesda's Pool there lay
The impotent and lame ;
To move the pool, traditions say,
From heaven an angel came.

Then when the waters troubled were,
He that first stepped therein ;
Was healed of what disease he bare,
However deep within.

Some eight and thirty years had lain,
In painful sorrows bound,
One, who had sought relief in vain,
But no relief had found.

Jesus passed by, and saw him lay
With anguish in his soul ;
And his compassion to display,
Said, " wilt thou be made whole ?

" Arise, take up thy bed, depart !"
His limbs stretched unconfined ;
An heavenly impulse warmed his heart,
And power divine his mind.

At once he rose, took up his bed,
Ah ! 'twas a beauteous sight ;
The tidings of his cure he spread,
With an intense delight.

But hapless for his Lord, and he,
It was the Sabbath day ;
And Jews perverse demurred to see,
So glorious a display.

Ah, bigotry, thou couldst not greet
So heavenly a design ;
And with a cheerful welcome, meet
An instance so divine.

But myriads will extend his fame,
His healing power adore ;
Transported with the Saviour's name,
Redeemed for ever more.

Jesus now answering, claimed to show
Example from the throne ;
" My FATHER worketh hitherto,
And HE and I are one."

My FATHER loves me, and bestows
All power upon his son ;
All judgment, and all honour shows
In all that I have done.

They that believe in me their head,
Shall endless life obtain ;
And they that hear my voice, though dead,
Shall rise to live again.

All in the graves my voice shall hear,
The good to heaven shall rise ;
But wicked men shall have their share,
Where the worm never dies.

To me authority is given,
But marvel not at this;
All power is mine in earth and heaven,
To give eternal bliss.

My *witness* ye do not receive,
Yet is my witness true;
And many more, if ye believe,
Bear witness of me too.

John was a burning shining light,
In him ye did rejoice;
He testified of me aright,
“He heard the bridegroom’s voice.”

The *works* my Father bid me do,
The same do witness bear;
My *Father* also speaketh true,
If ye his voice will hear.

The *scriptures* with predictions rife,
They testify of me;
Search them, ye think Eternal life
In them ye all can see.

Yet unto me ye will not come,
That life ye may receive;
My doctrines ye cannot assume,
My words ye can’t believe.

I know, that you do not possess,
My FATHER'S gracious love ;
His pure and heavenly righteousness,
Your hearts did never move.

If I had come in mine own name,
Then had ye me received ;
But since I do my Father's claim,
Tis blasphemous to believe !

How then can ye believe in me,
Since ye do seek to find
Those honours only which ye see
Are pleasing to mankind.

The honour that from God descends,
Deserves with you no name ;
Though *Moses* oft for this contends,
And *Moses* too I claim.

In *Moses*, if ye had believed,
Ye would believe in me ;
But since his words are not received,
My words can never be.

Lord, speak to us thy gracious word,
Heal every troubled soul ;
Save us from bigotry, O Lord,
And truly make us whole.

THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA.

To ancient Sychar, see our Lord
With wearied steps repair ;
Samaria lay upon the road,
And Jacob's well was there.

Thus seated on the well reclined,
Samaria's daughter came ;
He asked of her a drink most kind,
When she demurred the same.

W. Why askest thou a drink of me,
If I may speak so bold ;
Since Jews with us are seldom free,
An intercourse to hold ?

C. Ah ! woman, hadst thou known indeed
The gift of God supreme ;
Thou wouldst have asked of me instead,
A pure and living stream.

W. Greater art thou than was our sire,
Who gave to us this well ?
These waters did his flock inspire,
While near them they did dwell.

C. Woman, while drawing from this well,
You drink yet thirsty seem ;
But what I give, in you shall dwell,
A pure and living stream.

A fountain which shall never cease,
And free from every strife ;
A spring that ever shall increase,
To everlasting life.

W. Sir, give this water unto me,
Forever to remain ;
Then shall I be from labour free,
And thirst no more again.

“Call now thy husband,” Jesus said,
But she replied, “I’ve none ;”
“Five husbands truly thou hast had,
Save him thou hast alone.”

W. Thou art a prophet I perceive,
Our Fathers worshipped here ;
Ye at Jerusalem believe,
That God is worshipped there.

C. Woman, believe the hour draws near,
When neither shall be claimed ;
True worshippers shall all appear,
By heavenly power inflamed.

In spirit and in truth alone,
In worship they shall bow ;
To such the Father on the throne
Shall his salvation show.

God is a spirit, and doth claim,
In all who bow the knee,
The spirit's full inspiring flame,
His worshippers to be.

Messiah comes! and now confessed,
'Tis *I* that speaks am *He!*—
Samaria's daughter, thou art blest
If thou believe in me.

She did believe, and spread abroad
Her Saviour's wond'rous name ;
And all Samaria heard his word,
His praises did proclaim.

Lift up your eyes, look on the field,
The harvest time is near ;
Reapers, your sickles round you wield,
Your sheaves for heaven prepare.

THE DISCIPLES ON THE SEA.

ONCE on a time Christ's little band,
To escape from ruder company,
Resolved to leave the solid land,
And brave the dangers of the sea.

The evening came and it grew dark,
And Jesus was not with them there ;
The wind blew hard upon their bark,
The sea tumultuous did appear.

Now hard they row, and careful steer,
While still the howling tempests rave ;
When lo ! they see approaching near,
The Saviour walking on the wave !

Peter then cried, bid me, O Lord,
On the rude billows walk with thee ;
He bad him come, and at his word
Assayed to walk the dangerous sea.

But soon his trembling faith gave out,
And he fell sinking in the main ;
His Saviour said, " Why dost thou doubt ?
I will thy sinking feet sustain."

Then he with kindness reached his hand,
And Peter walked upon the deep ;

The winds were hushed at Christ's command,
And the rude waves were lulled to sleep.

Alas! how often we essay
To venture the unruly wave;
And sink, unless the Lord display
His gracious readiness to save.

THE LEGION.

WHEN Jesus once had crossed the sea
Which stretches near to Galilee;
There met him, one, who did presume
To make his dwelling in the tomb.

To tame him, some had taken pains,
And sometimes bound him fast in chains;
His limbs by fetters they enthrall,
But he asunder breaks them all.

By day and night, he made his moans,
And often cut himself with stones;
Legions of demons did possess,
And fill his soul with sore distress.

But when he saw the Saviour near,
He ran and worshipped him with fear;
When, with a loud and dreadful cry,
The unclean spirits thus reply.

“ Why hast thou come, thou Son of God,
To trouble us in our abode ;
Jesus, thou Son of the Most High,
We do adjure thee pass us by.

My name is Legion, not a few,
And what have I with thee to do ?
Torment us not, the power is thine,
Permit us go to yonder swine.”

Soon as permission they obtain,
They rush into the swine amain ;
Then ran the herd with fearful stride,
And headlong plunged into the tide.

The herdsmen fled, when once they see
The swine all weltering in the sea ;
And all the country round conspire,
To entreat the Saviour to retire.

Save him alone who was possest,
He sat well clothed and calm his breast :
Restored again to his right mind
To follow Jesus was inclined.

But Jesus said, “ thy friends go see,
And tell what God hath done for thee ;
Go, spread the joyful news abroad,
The wonders done thee by thy Lord.”

Though legions once his soul possest,
Now he enjoyed a sacred rest ;
To him a bliss serene was given,
Only surpassed by that in heaven.

Then cheerfully did he obey,
And as directed, went his way ;
And told to wondering circles round,
What great deliverance he had found.



THE TRANSFIGURATION.

OUR Lord, as history doth declare,
With Peter, James, and John,
Did to a mountain's height repair,
And rested thereupon.

At once his garments glorious seem,
Exceeding white as snow ;
Bright as the Sun's meridian beam,
No hands could make them so.

Then Moses and Elias came,
And in close converse were ;
Ghrist stood transfigured as a flame,
Translucent as the air.

Then answered Peter, "Master, Lord,
'Tis good that we are here ;
We will if thou but give the word
Three tabernacles rear.

One shall be thine, Elias' one,
And Moses' one straightway ;"
For fear had seized on them alone,
They wist not what to say.

An overshadowing cloud came down,
A voice was also there ;
Saying, "This is my beloved Son,
Him only shall ye hear."

Then looked they suddenly around,
But none could they espy ;
Save Jesus with themselves are found,
The rest had gone on high.

Now did the Lord their silence claim,
Till he should rise again ;
And they confiding in his name,
Faithful in this remain.

So from the mountain height they came,
With questionings profound ;
And multitudes his grace proclaim,
Saluting him around.

A parent brought his only son,
Bound with a demon's chain ;
When Jesus bid the fiend begone,
Nor trouble him again.

The lame do walk, the blind do see,
The dumb with songs appear ;
Lepers change their infirmity,
And hymns of praises bear.



THE WEDDING SUPPER.

THE heavenly kingdom which I sing
Is likened to a certain king,
Who, while he occupied a throne,
Made a great supper for his son.

And sent his servants forth to call,
'Those who were bidden, great and small ;
But they perverseness did assume,
And with one voice refused to come.

Again he sent, and now declared,
" My fatlings I have all prepared ;
All things are ready, come away,
Attend my feast without delay."

Still they refused, and each one made
Such weak excuses as he had ;
Some farms, some merchandize pursue,
Some spitefully the servants slew.

When the king heard, then he was wroth,
And sent his vengeful armies forth ;
And slew them all in dreadful ire,
And burned their cities down with fire.

Now called he all his servants near,
And straightway round him they appear ;
Go ye, in ranges unconfined,
Bid all to come that you can find.

Tell them that all things ready are
Let good and bad to me repair ;
I'll find a robe and place for all,
Then bid them come both great and small.

Thus when the guests did all appear,
One, not in wedding dress, was there ;
And when the king came from the throne,
He stood as speechless as a stone.

“Friend,” said the king, “how cam'st thou here,
And not a wedding dress to wear ?
Condemned he stood, and not a word,
And was excluded by the Lord.

The Lord did each a dress prepare,
But he disdained that dress to wear;
Therefore was he refused a place,
And did depart in deep disgrace.

This marriage did the Lord provide,
And sent to call to him a bride;
'Twas man, a poor and fallen race,
Devoid of each inviting grace.

Yet, doth he woo and call again,
And constantly his suit maintain;
And all the wedding rites begin,
When we are cleansed from all our sin.

When we have wholly served the Lord,
We shall, according to his word,
Enjoy our great home-bringing, where
Cherub and cherubim appear.

The marriage supper shall be given,
Amidst the glorified in heaven;
The bride, though she from Earth may come,
Shall shine with pure immortal bloom.

THE PRODIGAL.

ONCE I enjoyed a Father's care,
And feasted at his board :
Plenty and pleasure mingled there,
With all that these afford.

Vainly I thought, I could provide,
Without a parent kind ;
I dreamed of wandering far and wide
According to my mind.

I asked my father to bestow
My portion unto me ;
And his benevolence to show
Gave it, and set me free.

Then to my home I bid adieu,
To distant climes did steer ;
Ah ! little then indeed I knew
What waited for me there.

Midst mirth and revellings profound,
My wayward course I run ;
And ere I passed the giddy round,
My short-lived means were done.

I sought for friends, but none appeared,
 Though poor I was indeed ;
I found what I had often heard,
 Few friends in time of need.

I looked for help, but none essayed
 To furnish this to me ;
At length I was a swine-herd made,
 So great my poverty.

Hungry, I fain the husks had eat,
 Which to the swine were free ;
Alas ! I thought, what bounties sweet
 My Father's servants see.

O, that I could some portion share,
 Those servants do obtain ;
And in my father's home appear,
 I 'd ne'er depart again.

I will arise forthwith, and go
 My father's house to see ;
I will confess my weight of woe,
 My wants and misery.

I'll tell my father what I've done,
 And beg him to forgive ;
Unworthy now to be his son,
 I will his servant live.

Straightway he rose, and homeward came,
And as he now drew near,
Clothed with deep poverty and shame,
His Father did appear.

Far in the distance he espied
The long-departed one ;
He ran, embraced him, and cried
"This is my once-lost son."

The son prepared his woe to tell,
But mark a parent's love ;
Upon his neck the father fell,
He felt his pity move.

With floods of kind parental tears
His breast he did bedew ;
He put to silence all his fears,
And clothed him anew.

"Bring forth of robes," he said, "the best,
A ring place on his hand ;
And let the fatted calf be drest."
'Twas done at his command.

"For this my son, whom I thought lost,
Doth safe and sound remain ;
I thought him dead ; but now can boast,
The dead's alive again.

Let all be cheerful, all be gay,
My son returns to me."
The son was welcomed home that day,
With great festivity.

So each returning sinner shall
A joyful Father greet;
His mercies kindly move to all
Who do the Father meet.

Yea, there is joy in heaven our home,
Midst the angelic choir;
Whene'er returning sinners come,
And heavenward do aspire.

Let millions now return, O Lord,
Though prodigal to thee;
Assure them kindly by thy word,
That welcome they shall be.

RESURRECTION OF LAZARUS.

It was in ancient Bethany,
That Lazarus did reside;
And with a dire infirmity
He sickened and he died.

Now Lazarus, Jesus loved most dear,
He loved his sisters twain ;
They therefore sent, that he might hear
The griefs they now sustain.

But when his illness Jesus knew,
And how he slept in death :
He said, " 'Tis for God's glory true
That he resigned his breath.

The son of God shall now thereby
Himself be glorified ;
And I am glad I was not nigh,
When our friend Lazarus died.

Lazarus doth sleep, but I will go
And wake him from his sleep ;
My power to raise the dead will show,
While friends around may weep."

Now Martha rose when he drew near.
And unto him applied ;
" Hadst thou," she said, " my Lord, been here,
My brother had not died."

But Jesus said, " He 'll rise again,
If this thou canst believe ;
He shall not in the grave remain,
His dust I will relieve."

The resurrection and the life,
I am, and will maintain ;
Though he were dead, beyond all strife,
Yet, he shall rise again.

And whoso lives beneath the sky,
If he believe in me,
From henceforth he shall never die,
But live eternally."

Now Lazarus had for some time lay,
Sequestered in the tomb,
And his remains might now decay
And putrified become.

But Jesus said, " If ye believe,
God's glory ye shall see ;
I will the slumbering dead relieve,
And set the grave-bound free.

Move ye the stone which o'er him lies,
And let his grave appear ;"
Then up to heaven he lift his eyes,
And said, " MY FATHER, HEAR."

And with a loud commanding word,
Called Lazarus from the ground ;
The dead, obedient to his Lord,
Came forth in grave-clothes bound.

“Loose him,” said Jesus, “let him go,”
And Lazarus was relieved ;
And all in Bethany did know
And many souls believed.

Now six days after this transpired
A supper was in view ;
Jesus and Lazarus were required,
And Lazarus’ sisters too.

And Mary, grateful to her Lord,
Was by affection led ;
With ointment costly and well stored,
To anoint her Saviour’s head.

She also bathed his feet with tears,
And wiped them with her hair ;
While odours sweet, as it appears,
The house and guests did share.

But Judas, that perfidious one,
Did bold exceptions take ;
And e’en upon the Lord alone,
Reflections strong did make.

“Why,” said the churl, “do you not save,
And give this to the poor ?”
Not that himself designed or gave
An atom to their store.

But Christ replied, let her alone,
The poor ye always have ;
Against my burial this is done,
To fit me for the grave.

Mary, and all who do believe,
To them shall crowns be given ;
And rising millions shall receive
Immortal life in heaven.

THE TEN VIRGINS.

THEN shall the kingdom likened be,
To Virgins ten in company ;
Who took their lamps and went to meet
The Bridegroom, and his guests to greet.

Five only were esteemed as wise
Who took of oil their full supplies ;
And trimmed their lamps, and waited there
Until the Bridegroom should appear.

But five were foolish, nor did try
To keep of oil a due supply ;
And while in nightly slumber laid,
Behold the midnight cry was made—

“The bridegroom comes! prepare!
Go forth, and meet his presence near;
Then each arose without delay,
And trimmed their lamps and went their way.

The foolish now, to their dismay,
Found their light wholly gone away,
Then to the wise they do repair,
To beg of them their oil to spare.

But they refused the wished supply,
And bid them straightway go and buy;
Lest there be not enough indeed,
To answer both in times of need.

And while they went the bridegroom came,
And those prepared an entrance claim,
The marriage feast was now supplied,
The doors were shut on all beside.

THE SERVANTS.

THE kingdom also is compared,
To one whose household was prepared;
Who gave his servants strict command,
While he explored some distant land.

He bid them each his part maintain,
Till he to them returned again ;
To one he did five Talents give,
The others *two*, and *one*, receive

Each one required to act most free,
As each possessed ability ;
And wait for the returning Lord,
And then surrender at his word.

He that had five, improved his store,
Till he had gained himself five more ;
He that had two, with industry,
Two more he in advance did see.

But he who was with one supplied,
Proceeded straight his gift to hide ;
And thus he kept the prize of worth,
Hid in a napkin in the earth.

At length the master's voice they hear,
And each a reckoning now prepare ;
Those who were faithful to their Lord,
Gain recompense of great reward.

To each is commendation given—
And crowns and glorious seats in heaven ;
From toil and service now set free,
And blest with immortality.

The servant who received but one,
His sad delinquency doth own ;
Yet added, " thou art hard I know,
And reapest where thou didst not sow.

Take what is thine, I kept it sound,
Hid in a napkin in the ground ;
Lo ! I return thy gift to thee,
It has not been of use to me."

Then did the Lord proceed to say,
This wicked servant take away ;
My bounty thou didst not regard,
Darkness shall now be thy reward.

This subject which I now declare,
This one strong feature seems to bear ;
Some ready are, at every call,
Others are never so at all.



SOLILOQUY TO THE SOUL.

O, thou ethereal heavenly flame,
Why cling to this poor mortal frame ?
Why trembling, lingering, fainting lie,
So blest and loved by the Most High ?

Why to so mean a spot incline,
When heaven and all its bliss is thine ?

Courage, my soul, thy friends are near,
The heavenly ministering hosts appear,
Sent by an order from the throne,
To bring thee near the Eternal One ;
Where pleasures reign without alloy,
And pure imperishable joy.

Thou vital, trembling, flickering flame,
Why cling so long to this poor frame ?
'Tis but a gross and earthly clod,
That intercepts thy way to God !
Plume all thy strength, make no delay,
Arise, and wing thy flight away.

Thou heavenly flame ! Ethereal fire !
From time and all its scenes retire ;
Leave now this house of mouldering clay,
For mansions of unsullied day ;
There, with those kindred spirits, found
From every sphere in space around.

And, mingling with the heavenly choir,
Tune thy glad harp, and strike thy lyre ;
Exalted on those heights, to see
God's empire of immensity ;

In heaven's vast sphere where'er we move,
Our worship praise, enjoyment, love.

This we in part enjoy below,
Praises we sing, and love we know ;
On earth, in heaven, and near the throne,
The kingdoms are indeed but one ;
Here is the *stream* of praise and love,
The *ocean* we shall find above.

EARTHLY BLISS NOT COMPARED TO HEAVEN.

O THE immensity of bliss,
My soul shall then enjoy ;
When God is mine and I am his,
And praise my full employ.

For this I gladly bear the cross,
The ills of life sustain ;
And cheerfully count all things loss,
The heaven of heavens to gain.

My great Redeemer to behold,
Incarnate Holy One ;
The city with its streets of gold,
And the Eternal throne.

How poor all earthly things appear,
Compared with those to come ;
What pure undying pleasure there,
In everlasting bloom.

Language can ne'er describe the change,
To all the ransomed given ;
Nor can the imagination range
'The vast extent of heaven.

Pleasures succeeding pleasures there,
Each other shall excel ;
And bliss like bounding waves appear,
Eternally to swell.

ON DEATH.

LINGERING I stay these shores along,
Scarce knowing where I most belong ;
Whether I have a better right
To earth or to the realms of light.
For sometimes heaven so near is seen,
A curtain only hangs between ;
And should the Master tell me so,
I would prepare his will to do.
And go, whene'er the word is given,
To mingle with the hosts of heaven ;

I hear a gentle whispering say,
This earth is not my place of stay ;
'Tis not my permanent abode,
My home Eternal is with God ;
My body with disease is rife,
My spirit longs for endless life.
The flesh in dust shall mouldering rest,
My soul aspires to Jesus' breast ;
The conflict is indeed severe,
Each ligament of life to tear.
'Tis life to part, and life to gain,
And bliss preserved, midst grief and pain ;
The sense to lose, and yet to keep,
The soul to live, the flesh to sleep ;
Both life and death at once sustain,
Have bliss immense, immense of pain ;
To die, and death's full scene imbibe,
What tongue, what language can describe ?
The gloomy vale, what else can cheer,
Save Jesus' constant presence there.
His love with warm and heavenly glow,
Can charm the Cypress valley through ;
Illume the path to that abode,
The glory and the throne of God.
O grant me this, I ask no more,
Then pass me death's dark billows o'er.

SPIRITUAL VISITATIONS.

How happy are the showers of grace,
The effusions all divine ;

How blest indeed that hallow'd place
Where heaven's pure glories shine

Those visitations full of love,
What can the bliss excel ?

The Lord who rules the worlds above,
Comes down with us to dwell !

How rich, how hallowed is the flame,
The Spirit's heavenly fire !

The unction given in Jesus' name
Our bosoms to inspire.

O how I love to sit beneath
Those showers so freely given,
And calmly view the approach of death,
A beacon-light from heaven.

A signal given to drop our clay,
That life's dull scenes are o'er ;
And wing our joyful flight away,
Where years wax old no more.

Clothed in habiliments of light,
All glorious and divine ;
Above all luminaries bright,
Or orbs or spheres that shine.

BIBLE CHRISTIANITY.

1. TAKING the Scriptures as our rule, he that *“loves the Lord with all his heart, mind, and soul, and strength, and his neighbour as himself, is a bible Christian.*

2. But this no *unregenerate* man can do. “As it is written, there is none righteous, no not one.” “There is none that understandeth, there is none that seeketh after God.” “They are all gone out of the way.” “They are altogether become unprofitable.” “There is none that doeth good, no not one.” “Their throat is an open sepulchre, with their tongues they have used deceit; the poison of asps is under their lips: whose mouth is full of cursing and bitterness; their feet are swift to shed blood; destruction and misery are in their ways, and the way of peace they have not known: there is no fear of God before their eyes.” “For all have sinned, and have come short of the glory of God: because the carnal mind is enmity against God, for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be.

3. And this is the true character of man in *every* portion of the world. "God hath concluded *all* men in unbelief." "The Scripture hath concluded *all* men in sin." "Whereas by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin, and so death hath passed upon *all* men, for that *all* have sinned." And the *whole world* lieth in wickedness.

4. But is the world left under these circumstances, without any possibility of help? No: "For when we were yet without strength in due time, Christ died for the ungodly." "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten *Son*, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life." "For God sent not his *Son* into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through him might be saved." "But God commended his love to us in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses. And he died for *all*, that they which live, should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto him which died for them and rose again." "For there is one God, and one *Mediator* between God and man: the man Christ Jesus, who gave himself a ransom for *all*." "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of *all* acceptation, that Christ

Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief." "For the grace of God that bringeth salvation, hath appeared unto *all* men." "But we see *Jesus*, who was made a little lower than the angels for the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honour; that *he* by the grace of God might taste death for *every man*." "Not willing that any should perish, but that *all* should come to repentance." "And he is the propitiation for *our sins*, and not for ours only, but for the *sins* of the whole world." But in connexion with this ample provision and in relation to the *whole world*, are there personal *benefits* embracing the *pardon* of *our sins*?

5. *There are.* The Scriptures furnish abundant testimony to assure every man of his *personal benefit* in the *pardon* of *sin*. "That ye may *know* that the Son of man hath power on earth to *forgive sins*." "Verily I say unto you, *all sins* shall be forgiven unto the sons of men, and blasphemies wherewith soever they shall blaspheme, (except against the Holy Ghost.)" "That *repentance* and *remission* of *sins* should be preached in his name among *all* nations." "*Repent* and be baptized, &c. for the *remission* of *sins*." "That your *sins* may be *blotted out*." "In turning *every one* of you from his *iniquities*." "*Him* hath God exalted to be a prince and a

Saviour, to give *repentance* to Israel, and the *forgiveness* of sins." "To him gave all the prophets witness, that through his name, whosoever *believeth*, shall receive the *remission* of sins." "Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins." "Through this man is preached the forgiveness of sins." "To turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of *Satan* unto God, that they may receive the *forgiveness* of sins." "In whom we have redemption in his blood, the *forgiveness* of sins." "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to *forgive* us our sins, and cleanse us from *all unrighteousness*." "Blessed are they whose *sins* are covered." "Being now made *free* from *sin*." Such is the voice of Scripture in reference to the *forgiveness* of our sins, and our *personal* right and privilege to this blessing; and when we associate other *passages*, equally plain, the doctrine of the *pardon* of sins is placed beyond question.

6. But further; when the Almighty is pleased to confer the blessing of *forgiveness* of sins, do the persons receiving the blessing possess any knowledge or understanding of it? *Common sense* would dictate the *affirmative*: and indeed this very subject is made exceedingly plain in

the *Scriptures*. Jesus said to *Nicodemus*, "Art thou a *master* in Israel, and *knoweth* not these things?" "We speak that we *know*." "If any man shall do his will, he shall *know* of the doctrine." "One thing I *know*, that whereas I was blind, now I see." "At that day ye shall know that I am in my *Father*, and ye in me, and I in you." "For the Spirit beareth *witness* with *our spirits*, that we are the *children* of God." "Now we have received the *spirit* which is of God, that we *might know* the *things* which are *freely given* to us of God." "Know ye not that ye are the temples of God, and that the *Spirit* of God dwelleth in you?" "For *God* hath shined into *our hearts*, to give us the light of the *knowledge* of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." "Know ye not your *own selves* how that Christ is in you?" "That ye may *know* what is the hope of your calling." "I count all things loss for the excellency of the *knowledge* of *Christ Jesus* my Lord." "That I may *know him*." "For our gospel came not unto you in word only, but in *power*, and in the *Holy Ghost*, and much *assurance*." "And hereby we do *know* that we *know him*." "But whoso keepeth his *word*, in him verily is the *love* of God perfected; hereby we *know* that we are in him." "I write unto you, Fathers, because ye have *known him* from

the beginning." "I write unto you, little children, because ye have *known* the Father." "But ye have an *Uction* from the *Holy One*, and ye *know all* things." "I have not written unto you because ye *know* not the truth, but because ye *know* it." "But we *know* that when he shall appear, we shall be like him." "And ye *know* that he was manifested to take *away* our *sins*." "We *know* that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." "And hereby we *know* that we are of the truth, and shall *assure* our hearts before him." "And hereby we *know* that he abideth in us, by the *Spirit* which he hath given us." "Hereby *know* ye the *Spirit* of God." "And every one that *loveth*, is born of God." "And he that *loveth* not, *knoweth not* God, for God is love." "Hereby *know* we that we dwell in him, and he in us, because he hath given us of his Spirit." "And we have *known* and believed the love God hath to us." "He that believeth on the *Son of God*, hath the witness within himself." "That ye may *know* that ye have *eternal life*." "And this is the *confidence* we have in him, that if we ask any thing according to his will, he heareth us; and if we *know* that he heareth us, whatever we ask, we *know* that we have the petition we desire of him." "We *know* that whosoever is

born of God, *sinneth not.*" "And we *know* that we are of God, and the whole world lieth in wickedness." "And we *know* that the Son of God is come, and hath given to us an *understanding*, that we may *know* him that is true even in his Son Jesus Christ. This is the true God and *Eternal life.*"

By the foregoing passages of Scripture, it is easy enough to perceive that the *whole* of the Christian religion is a subject of *knowledge* and *understanding*. That great means are used by the *Spirit* of God, to effect in the rational soul of *man* the *knowledge* of *true religion*, and the *knowledge* of God.

7. May this *knowledge* be acquired *immediately* or *gradually*?

Perhaps in both ways. The Almighty is pleased greatly to *diversify* his manner of bestowing his blessings upon mankind. The man at the pool had been infirm *thirty* and *eight* years, but when the Saviour healed him, he did it at *once*. "Another man, sick of the palsy, our Lord healed in like manner." Again. "And, when they had nothing to pay, he frankly *forgave them both.*" Jesus said unto the blind man, "Receive thy *sight,*" and *immediately* he received sight. "He said also to Zacheus, Make

haste and come down; and he made *haste* and came down."

It may, however, be remarked, that these observations apply chiefly to the bodies of men, and we will therefore consider the Divine operations as affecting the mind more especially. "On the day of pentecost, when the disciples were with one accord in one place, *suddenly* there was a sound from heaven, and it filled all the house. And the same day were added to the church *three thousand*. The Eunuch *believed*, was *baptized* and *rejoiced*, in a short space of time." "*Cornelius* and his companions, while *Peter* yet preached, the *Holy Ghost* fell on *all* of them. Saul, on his way to *Damascus*, said, "*suddenly* there shined round him a light from heaven." "Though Saul continued three days in the pangs of the *new birth*, yet when the blessing was given, *immediately* there fell from his eyes as it had been scales." "The *Jailer* at Philippi was *convicted*, *converted*, and *baptized*, the *same hour* of the night." "*Paul*, addressing *Elymas*, *immediately* there fell upon him a mist and darkness." "And when Paul laid his *hands* upon them at Ephesus, the *Holy Ghost* came upon them."

From these passages it most evidently appears that God gave the *knowledge* of himself imme-

diately, both in relation to *mind* and *body*, and had it been otherwise, there would have been less evidence of *Divine authority*.

The *Spirit* of God is sometimes compared to fire, and few things are more rapid in their motion. The kingdom of heaven is like the *lightning* which shineth in the heavens.

It is *true*, that many have for a long time sought the Lord's blessings, and found not; but this was on account of *unbelief*, *false reasoning*, temptations, bad education, or *improper* information. But when these are removed, and the object is *simply* and plainly set before the mind, an act of faith changes the scene in a moment, and *instantly* we are blest. God said, "Let there be light, and there was light."

8. *Connected*, however, with the *acquirement* of *Divine knowledge* in the manner we have described, we may also obtain a great deal of *knowledge* under circumstances very different. *Repeated communication*, *gradual* acquirements. We may *grow* in grace, and *knowledge*, and the *love of God*. Being "*fruitful* in every good word and work," and *increasing* in the *knowledge* of God. "That your *love* may *abound more and more* in *all knowledge*." "Add to your faith, virtue, *knowledge*," &c.

But whether we receive the knowledge of

divine things *instantaneously* or *gradually*, we are *indebted* to the light and operations of the *Holy Spirit* in all cases. We may have *eyes*, but light must be given as a *medium* of sight; and the purer the stream of *light*, the more distinctly we may *know* the things of God.

9. But is not a true *conviction* necessary to a proper reception of the love of God shed abroad in our hearts?

The *knowledge* of ourselves as sinners, the knowledge of the *exceeding sinfulness* of sin. The impurity of our nature, and the purity of the Divine nature, is a description of knowledge *indispensable*.

10. Yet how much *conviction* is needful, seeing there is such diversity in the subjects of grace?

If our *conviction* cause us to *hate sin*, and, like Job, "abhor ourselves in dust and ashes," whether it be *much* or *little*, and the duration of it long or short, this is *sufficient*. A man must *hate sin*, and whether he shed many tears, or groan many unutterable groans, or neither, if he *hate his sins*, his *convictions* are of the *proper kind*.

11. Is it not *necessary* that in *addition* to a *genuine conviction*, *repentance* should be a prerequisite? Repentance is certainly *inseparable* from conviction; and when *conviction* has

caused us to *abhor* ourselves in dust and ashes, on the account of *sin*, *repentance* succeeds in its operations, and aids us in the *abandonment* of those *sins* *conviction* has caused us to hate. As the *Scriptures* affirm, "Let the wicked *forsake* his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and return to the Lord."

Now, when we have *detested* and forsaken our sins, then we are prepared to an act of *faith* in *Christ Jesus*." Having lost all other refuge, we lay hold by faith upon the Lord Jesus, pleading his mercy, and begging, "*Lord, save us*." The Lord also in mercy removes the *guilt* and *condemnation*, "and we have peace with God, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

12. This is justification; *first love* to God and man. Here the *purification* of the soul *begins*; in *first love*, and "*faith works by love and purifies the heart*." And *sanctification* follows *faith working by love*. Hence, the more we *love*, the more we are *graciously set apart* to God. God also is *set apart* in our hearts. And we thus are more and more sanctified to God, in *proportion* as we *love* him. So that from *first love*, *faith working* by it, is developed holiness of heart and *sanctification* of the mind, until, like a stream falling into the ocean, so our souls, filled with *love*,

which increases more and more, until we are lost in the *immense ocean* of Eternal love.

13. Our Saviour has some very excellent observations upon this subject. "The kingdom of heaven is likened unto a grain of *mustard seed*, which a man took and sowed in his field; and which is indeed the *smallest of all seeds*; but when it is grown, it is the *greatest of herbs*, and becometh a tree." "The kingdom of heaven is likened unto leaven, which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal, until the *whole* was leavened." "And he that receiveth *seed* into the good ground, which also beareth fruit, and bringeth forth some thirty, sixty, and a hundred fold."

John speaks of *babes*, *young men*, and *fathers*, thereby showing a fine *gradation* of grace. Peter says, "Add to your *faith virtue, knowledge, temperance, patience, godliness, brotherly kindness, charity*; for if these things be *in you*, and *abound*, they make you that ye may be *neither barren nor unfruitful* in the *knowledge* of the Lord Jesus Christ." "But *grow in grace*, and in the *knowledge* of our Lord Jesus." "That your *love* may *abound more and more*." Then, according to this view, our *advancement* and *divine communications* are *inseparable* from each other.

Or, in other words, the *perpetual* operation of grace, duly supplied, will be attended with a similar *increase of holiness of heart*, and life, if *rightly improved*. Hence *faith grows stronger, hope more confirmed, and love abounding more and more*, until all graces are matured, and the whole soul approaches a resemblance to the *Divine Being*, "*dwelling in love, and dwelling in God.*" "And herein is *our love made perfect*, that we may have boldness in the day of judgment." "And when *he* shall appear, we shall be *like him*. He that *sanctifieth* and he that is sanctified are one."

Therefore, we thus infer in regard to this whole subject through which we have passed: that,

First, Men are by nature *sinful*.

Secondly, Christ died to make our redemption possible.

Thirdly, He offers a free and full *pardon* for our *sins*, upon the *abandonment* of them.

Fourthly, He offers a *knowledge of salvation* by the *remission* of our *sins*, upon simply *believing in his name*.

Fifthly, He offers *holiness of heart*, through the influences of his Holy Spirit, upon our *faith working by love*.

Sixthly, And an earnest of the hope of eternal life, as a prelude to glory.

Seventhly, And immortality as our future and glorious reward.

Eighthly, *Whosoever will, may come*; the whole is offered through the mercy of God in Christ Jesus, to ALL mankind.

Ninthly, And the *Bible* is God's *revelation*, to give the wonderful *intelligence* to the world, and show the way to heaven.

THE END.











